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Sellie Blume

THE

MODEL SPEAKER.

CONSISTING OF

EXERCISES IN PROSE AND POETRY.

FOR THE USE OF

Schools, Academies, and Colleges.

BY

PHILIP LAWRENCE,
PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.

PHILADELPHIA:
ELDREDGE & BROTHER,
No. 17 North Seventh Street.
1872.

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PREFACE.

IT is not our purpose to apologize for adding another to the numerous "Speakers" extant, so many of which possess undoubted merit. The subject presents a wide field; and we believe that there is room for them, and for this in which are collated standard selections that have acquired a reputation either for their intrinsic worth or for their fitness to exemplify the principles forming the basis of true elocution.

Arguments are not now needed to show that great advantages may — rather *must* — result from the thorough mastery of an art which has done so much to perpetuate the virtues of individuals, to establish the renown of nations, and to extend the blessings of civilization and Christianity. Such knowledge is absolutely essential to ensure success in those professions that involve public speaking; and especially is it important in this favored land of ours, in which almost every one is, at some period of life, called upon to take part in public affairs, or to discuss questions of great local or national interest, and

in which the man possessed of the power of eloquence, has open before him almost numberless avenues to influence, distinction, and fame.

In the hope that the selections here presented may subserve the purposes for which they have been arranged, and, at the same time, tend to instruct the mind, improve the taste, and cultivate the heart, we submit them to the student, the teacher, and the amateur, asking a full appreciation of aught that is good in them, and a charitable criticism of all that is faulty.

P. L.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25, 1869.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE the best instructors agree that Nature furnishes the basis of all true eloquence, and that they are the most accomplished and most effective speakers who observe her laws, yet it must be conceded that Art can do much to guide and control the faculties which she has conferred on man: hence, although we do not present, or attempt to present a *system* of elocution, yet we believe that a few concise, practical suggestions upon the subject may be of importance to the pupil, in preventing erroneous modes of utterance, and in assisting him to acquire a proper and natural style of delivery.

We would, however, warn him at the outset not to commit the grave error of supposing that any directions, or any set of rules, can supply the place either of careful, constant drill, in accordance with fixed principles, or the instructions of the living teacher, whose example is needed to influence the imitative powers of the learner.

In order to simplify the subject as much as possible, attention is asked to but four particulars, upon which all elocutionary rules depend — ARTICULATION, EMPHASIS, MODULATION, DELIVERY.

Articulation is the distinct utterance of the elements of spoken or vocal language.

It is effected by the proper action of the vocal organs, which, with the muscles of the mouth, not only secure distinctness of enunciation, but also add very materially to the expressiveness of the face.

It is impossible to give too much attention to this particular; for words or phrases not clearly and fully received by the ear, can not affect the judgment or influence the feelings. A public

speaker, with but a moderate volume of voice, is better understood and is more effective, if he articulates correctly, than one who vociferates without knowledge or discretion.

Distinctness of articulation may be acquired by drill: 1. Upon separate vowel and consonant sounds. 2. Upon combined vowel and consonant sounds. 3. Upon words: the elementary sounds separately, and then the whole word. 4. Upon words in sentences, avoiding the union of the sound of one word with that of another.

Examples.

Simple Elements.

VOWELS OR TONICS.	SUB-VOWELS OR SUB-TONICS.	ASPIRATES OR ATONICS.
å as in ale	b as in bow	p as in pit
å " arm	d " day	t " tin
å " all	g " gay	k " kite
å " am	v " vile	f " fame
ė " eve	th " then	th " thin
ė " end	z " zone	s " sin
ı " ile	z " azure	sh " shade
ı " in	l " light	h " hush
ȯ " old	r " roll	wh " what
ȯ " lose	(r " car)	
ȯ " on	m " mind	
u̇ " tube	n " no	
u̇ " up	ng " song	
u̇ " full	w " woe	
ou " out	y " yoke	

Compound Elements.

oi as in oil	j as in job	tch as in etch
ai " air	gz " tugs	ks " oaks.

Vowels and Difficult Consonant Combinations.

1. Clime, club; glad, glen; spleen, split; crew, crow; drop, drub; three, threw; shred, shrub; scrip, scroll; squaw, squib; twang, twig.

2. Reefs, fifes; pelf, wolf; whelm, film; yolk, sulk; false, else; quilt, bolt; valve, shelve; cask, frisk; chasm, schism; hives, loves.

3. Maddened, deadened; beckoned, likened; gulped, scalped; orbed, barbed; arched, searched; forked, worked; hustles, measles; drivels, grovels; giv'st, serv'st; dazzled, frizzled.

4. Sobb'dst, digg'dst, wedg'dst, shav'dst, buckl'st, puzzl'st, sift'st, darken'st, poison'st, drunk'st, storm'st, breath'st, humbl'dst, battl'dst, burn'dst, season'dst, catch'dst, gulp'dst, strengthen'st.

Words in Sentences.

1. He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.

2. He could speak upon either side of the question; he could speak upon neither side.

3. Masses of immense magnitude move majestically through the vast extent of the solar system.

4. That morning, thou, that slumber'dst not before,
Nor sleptst, — great ocean, — laidst thy waves at rest,
And hush'dst thy mighty minstrelsy.

5. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself, —
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this unsubstantial pageant, faded, —
Leave not a rack behind.

NOTE. — Correct pronunciation and accent can be obtained only by following the rules laid down in some standard dictionary.

Emphasis is a stress of voice laid upon a word or a phrase, in order to bring out its meaning, and the meaning of the sentence, in the most impressive and forcible manner.

Upon the proper placing of emphasis depends not only the meaning of a sentence, but also the life and spirit of all discourse; as, otherwise, the speaker cannot convey what he understands and feels, and, consequently, he will fail utterly to make any impression upon his hearers.

As emphasis is determined solely by the sentiment to be expressed, no rule can be given which will regulate its place, kind, or degree, except the general one — that the speaker must thor-

oughly comprehend the idea to be uttered, and be guided by a just conception of its force and spirit.

In delivery, he should pause before and after each emphatic word, and let his voice dwell upon it for a greater or less length of time, as the sense requires.

Examples.

1. I do not *ask*, I *demand* your attention.

2. The *war* is *inevitable*, and LET IT COME! I repeat it, sir, LET IT COME!

3. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth;* but the *righteous* are *bold* as a *lion.*

4. The *young* are slaves to *novelty;* the *old*, to *custom;* the *middle-aged*, to *both;* the *dead*, to *neither.*

5. But *yesterday*, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the *world; now* lies he there,
And *none* so poor to do him reverence.

6. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor, — there he stands,
Was struck, — struck like a dog, because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood?

Modulation is the varying of the voice so as to express the feelings and the emotions inspired by the subject of discourse.

It refers to the right management of the voice as regards loudness and volume, and includes *inflection*, *pitch*, *force*, and *quality;* and, therefore, it produces that variety of expression so essential to eloquence.

Correct modulation can be obtained by strict attention to the natural variations of tone in ordinary conversation or in earnest speech, by drill, by judgment in determining the idea to be ex-

pressed, by accommodating the sound to the sense, and by identification with the person to be represented.

INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice in uttering a letter, a syllable, or a word.

The *Rising Inflection* is the upward slide of the voice. It is usually indicated by the acute accent (′): thus, Is he truthful?′

The *Falling Inflection* is the downward slide of the voice. It is usually indicated by the grave accent (‵): thus, Would you make men truthful?′ Believe them.‵

The *Circumflex Inflection* is the union of the rising and the falling inflection. It is usually indicated by the union of the acute and the grave accent (^ or ˇ): thus, And thîs man is nŏw become a gôd!

Examples.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.

2. What men could do
Is done already; heaven and earth will witness
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

PITCH is the degree of the elevation of vocal sound.

Middle Pitch is that which is, or should be employed in ordinary conversation, and expresses moderate emotion.

Low Pitch is that which is below the usual speaking key, and expresses deep feeling; as, Silence, how dread! darkness, how profound!

High Pitch is that which is above the usual speaking key, and expresses pity, and joyous feeling; as, Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

Examples.

1. Education, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

2. There was silence, and I heard a voice saying,
"Shall mortal man be more just than God—
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

3. On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

FORCE is the degree of loudness and energy of vocal sound.

Moderate Force is that which is used in ordinary narration or description.

Soft or *Weak Force* is that which is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, solemnity, and tender emotions; as, Softly, peacefully, lay her to rest.

Loud or *Strong Force* is that which is used to express violent passion, or strong emotions of joy, hate, revenge, grief, and dignity; as, Strike — till the last armed foe expires!

Examples.

1. In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
   As modest stillness and humility.
2. He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
   Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
3. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
   Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
   Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
   Cry — God for Harry! England! and St. George!

QUALITY is the kind of tone used in speaking or reading.

The *Pure Quality* is a clear, smooth, flowing tone, uttered in the middle pitch, and is used when not much feeling or emotion is expressed.

The *Orotund Quality* is the pure tone deepened, and is used to express pathetic, grand, and sublime emotions; as, Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!

The *Guttural Quality* is a deep undertone, and is used to express hatred, contempt, aversion, and loathing; as, Thou slave, thou coward, thou wretch!

The *Aspirated Quality* is not properly a vocal sound, but a whispered utterance used to express secrecy, fear, terror, and remorse; as, "Silence!" in undertones they cry.

Examples.

1. We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
   In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
2. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
   All space doth occupy, all motion guide.

3. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
   And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
   And all for that which is mine own.
4. Hush! lightly tread; still tranquilly she sleeps.
   I've watched, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
   To break the heavenly spell. Move silently.

Delivery is the expression of thought by means of words and actions.

Perfect delivery, then, is the result of a mastery of every principle and art of elocution: — enunciation, emphasis, tone, earnestness, expression, action. Gestures must depend mainly upon the earnestness of the speaker's conception of what he is to utter. No one can portray character unless he can realize it, and he can realize it only by making it his own for the time, and by expressing himself exactly as a person would do in the supposed situation, and so "suit the action to the word, the word to the action."

Action has been defined as the beginning, the middle, and the end of oratory. It is shown chiefly by the expression and the management of the eye, and by the motions of the hand, although thought may be expressed or enforced by various movements of the body. "When all the powers of elocution are brought into requisition, — the voice, with all its thrilling tones; the eye, through which, as a window, the soul darts forth its light; the whole glowing countenance; the whole breathing frame: — when every motion speaks, every muscle swells with the inspiration of high thoughts: — what instrument of music, what glories of the canvas can equal it? It is beauty, genius, power, sublimity, in their most glorious exercise."

"So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading."

Nehemiah viii. 8.

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THE MODEL SPEAKER.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
The lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem, in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
"Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred:

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian

Reeled from the sabre-stroke
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them—
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade—
  Noble six hundred!

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
  Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,

True as the steel of their tried blades,
  Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
  On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far, as they.

An hour pass'd on: the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek:
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
  And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike! — till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike! — for your altars and your fires;
Strike! — for the green graves of your sires;
  God, and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd; — but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their loud hurrah
  And the red field was won,
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose —
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
  Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible: — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come, in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;

But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said,
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys—
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's.
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerily still; and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

WOUNDED.

LET me lie down
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The tempest — its fury and thunder were there:
On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot, and our flag overhead:
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah! how can I rest,
With this shot-shatter'd head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
Through without faltering — clear through with a yell!
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed, at the mandate of doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part;
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart:
It is duty.

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother! with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest!
Dying at last!

I am no saint;
But, boys, say a prayer. There 's one that begins,
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins:"
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you 'll say, "Amen!"
Ah! I'm no saint!

Hark! there 's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquer'd, I know!—
Up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah! there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
Well may they shout!

I'm muster'd out.
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-redden'd sod,
I die for the nation, the Union, and God!
I'm muster'd out.

COUNT CANDESPINA'S STANDARD.

"The King of Aragon now entered Castile, by way of Soria and Osma, with a powerful army; and, having been met by the queen's forces, both parties encamped near Sepulveda, and prepared to give battle.

"This engagement, called, from the field where it took place, *de la Espina*, is one of the most famous of that age. The dastardly Count of Lara fled at the first shock, and joined the queen at Burgos, where she was anxiously awaiting the issue; but the brave Count of Candespina (Gomez Gonzalez) stood his ground to the last, and died on the field of battle. His standard-bearer, a gentleman of the house of Olea, after having his horse killed under him, and both hands cut off by sabre-strokes, fell beside his master, still clasping the standard in his arms, and repeating his war-cry of 'Olea!'"—*Annals of the Queens of Spain.*

SCARCE were the splinter'd lances dropp'd,
Scarce were the swords drawn out,
Ere recreant Lara, sick with fear,
Had wheel'd his steed about:

His courser rear'd, and plunged, and neigh'd,
Loathing the fight to yield;
But the coward spurr'd him to the bone,
And drove him from the field.

Gonzalez in his stirrups rose:
"Turn, turn, thou traitor knight!
Thou bold tongue in a lady's bower,
Thou dastard in a fight!"

But vainly valiant Gomez cried
Across the waning fray:
Pale Lara and his craven band
To Burgos scour'd away.

"Now, by the God above me, sirs,
Better we all were dead,
Than a single knight among ye all
Should ride where Lara led!

"Yet ye who fear to follow me,
As yon traitor turn and fly;
For I lead ye not to win a field:
I lead ye forth to die.

"Olea, plant my standard here—
Here on this little mound;
Here raise the war-cry of thy house,
Make this our rallying ground.

"Forget not, as thou hop'st for grace,
The last care I shall have
Will be to hear thy battle-cry,
And see that standard wave."

Down on the ranks of Aragon
The bold Gonzalez drove,
And Olea raised his battle-cry,
And waved the flag above.

Slowly Gonzalez' little band
Gave ground before the foe;
But not an inch of the field was won
Without a deadly blow;

And not an inch of the field was won
That did not draw a tear
From the widow'd wives of Aragon,
That fatal news to hear.

Backward and backward Gomez fought,
And high o'er the clashing steel,
Plainer and plainer rose the cry,
"Olea for Castile!"

Backward fought Gomez, step by step,
Till the cry was close at hand,
Till his dauntless standard shadow'd him;
And there he made his stand.

Mace, sword, and axe rang on his mail,
Yet he moved not where he stood,
Though each gaping joint of armor ran
A stream of purple blood.

As, pierced with countless wounds, he fell,
The standard caught his eye,
And he smiled, like an infant hush'd asleep,
To hear the battle-cry.

Now one by one the wearied knights
Have fallen, or basely flown;
And on the mound where his post was fix'd
Olea stood alone.

"Yield up thy banner, gallant knight!
Thy lord lies on the plain;
Thy duty has been nobly done;
I would not see thee slain."

"Spare pity, King of Aragon;
I would not hear thee lie:
My lord is looking down from heaven
To see his standard fly."

"Yield, madman, yield! thy horse is down,
Thou hast nor lance nor shield;
Fly!—I will grant thee time." "This flag
Can neither fly nor yield!"

They girt the standard round about,
A wall of flashing steel;
But still they heard the battle-cry,
"Olea for Castile!"

And there, against all Aragon,
Full-arm'd with lance and brand,
Olea fought until the sword
Snapp'd in his sturdy hand.

Among the foe, with that high scorn
Which laughs at earthly fears,
He hurl'd the broken hilt, and drew
His dagger on the spears.

They hew'd the hauberk from his breast,
The helmet from his head;
They hew'd the hands from off his limbs;
From every vein he bled.

Clasping the standard to his heart,
He raised one dying peal,
That rang as if a trumpet blew —
"Olea for Castile!"

OUR DEFENDERS.

OUR flag on the land, and our flag on the ocean,
An angel of peace wheresoever it goes:
Nobly sustain'd by Columbia's devotion,
The angel of death it shall be to our foes!
True to its native sky,
Still shall our eagle fly,
Casting his sentinel glances afar;
Though bearing the olive-branch,
Still in his talons staunch
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Hark to the sound! There's a foe on our border —
A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom;
Freemen are rising and marching in order,
Leaving the plough, and the anvil, and loom.
Rust dims the harvest-sheen
Of scythe and of sickle keen;
The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it would mar;
Veteran and youth are out,
Swelling the battle-shout,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Our brave mountain eagles swoop from their eyrie,
Our lithe panthers leap from forest and plain;
Out of the West flash the flames of the prairie,
Out of the East roll the waves of the main.
Down from their Northern shores,
Swift as Niagara pours,
They march, and their tread wakes the earth with its jar;
Under the Stripes and Stars,
Each with the soul of Mars,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Spite of the sword or assassin's stiletto,
While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,
The oak of the North, or the Southern palmetto,
Shall shelter no foe except in the grave!
While the Gulf billow breaks,
Echoing the Northern lakes,
And ocean replies unto ocean afar,
Yield we no inch of land
While there 's a patriot hand
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein—
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;

No hold had he above, below—
  Alone he stood in air:
To that far height none dared to go—
  No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!
  With horror all aghast—
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
  We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
  And of a lurid hue—
As riveted unto the spot
  Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck: he gasped,
  "O God, thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
  And aimed it at his son.
"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
  Jump, or I fire," he said;
"That only chance your life can save:
  Jump, jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved—
  And for the ship struck out:
On board we hailed the lad beloved,
  With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
  Those wet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy—
  Then fainted on the deck.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

The incidents here woven into verse relate to William Scott, a young soldier from the State of Vermont, who, while on duty as a sentinel at night, fell asleep, and, having been condemned to die, was pardoned by the President. They form a brief record of his humble life at home and in the field, and of his glorious death.

'TWAS in the sultry summer-time, as War's red records show,
When patriot armies rose to meet a fratricidal foe—
When, from the North and East and West, like the upheaving sea,
Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veil'd decay,
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay:
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and feverish breath,
He waited but the appointed hour to die a culprit's death.

Yet, but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with a care,
He roam'd at will, and freely drew his native mountain air—
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks, from many a wood-land font,
And waving elms and grassy slopes give beauty to Vermont!

Where, dwelling in an humble cot, a tiller of the soil,
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's toil—
Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering country's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal for her to live or die.

Then left he all: a few fond tears, by firmness half conceal'd,
A blessing, and a parting prayer, and he was in the field—
The field of strife, whose dews are blood, whose breezes War's hot breath,
Whose fruits are garner'd in the grave, whose husbandman is Death!

Without a murmur, he endured a service new and hard;
But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one night, on guard,

He sank exhausted at his post, and the gray morning found
His prostrate form — a sentinel, asleep, upon the ground!

So, in the silence of the night, aweary, on the sod
Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son of God;
Yet, Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their heavy eyes,
And, though betray'd to ruthless foes, forgiving, bade them rise!

But God is love — and finite minds can faintly comprehend
How gentle Mercy, in His rule, may with stern Justice blend;
And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found none to justify,
While War's inexorable law decreed that he must die.

. . . . . .

'T was night. In a secluded room, with measured tread, and slow,
A statesman of commanding mien paced gravely to and fro:
Oppress'd, he pondered on a land by civil discord rent;
On brothers arm'd in deadly strife: it was the President!

The woes of thirty millions fill'd his burden'd heart with grief;
Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their chief;
And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry
Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison, doom'd to die!

. . . . . .

'T was morning. On a tented field, and through the heated haze,
Flash'd back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze;
While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place:
A youth — led out to die; and yet, it was not death, but shame,
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame!

Still on, before the marshall'd ranks, the train pursued its way
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay —

His coffin! And, with reeling brain, despairing — desolate —
He took his station by its side, abandon'd to his fate!

Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air:
He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his mother there;
He saw his father bow'd with grief, through fast-declining years;
He saw a nameless grave; and then, the vision closed — in tears!

Yet, once again: In double file, advancing, then, he saw
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law;
But saw no more: his senses swam — deep darkness settled round —
And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound!

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds and wheels approach —
And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a stately coach:
On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course was bent,
Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President!

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;
And from a thousand voices rose a shout which rent the air!
The pardon'd soldier understood the tones of jubilee,
And, bounding from his fetters, bless'd the hand that made him free!

. . . . . .

'T was spring. Within a verdant vale, where Warwick's crystal tide
Reflected, o'er its peaceful breast, fair fields on either side —
Where birds and flowers combined to cheer a sylvan solitude —
Two threatening armies, face to face, in fierce defiance stood!

Two threatening armies! — one invoked by injured Liberty,
Which bore above its patriot ranks the Symbol of the Free;
And one, a rebel horde, beneath a flaunting flag of bars,
A fragment, torn by traitorous hands, from Freedom's Stripes and Stars!

A sudden shock which shook the earth, 'mid vapor dense and dun,
Proclaim'd, along the echoing hills, the conflict had begun;
While shot and shell athwart the stream with fiendish fury sped,
To strew among the living lines the dying and the dead!

Then, louder than the roaring storm, peal'd forth the stern command,
"Charge! soldiers, charge!" and, at the word, with shouts, a fearless band,
Two hundred heroes from Vermont, rush'd onward, through the flood,
And upward o'er the rising ground they mark'd their way in blood!

The smitten foe before them fled, in terror, from his post—
While, unsustained, two hundred stood, to battle with a host!
Then, turning, as the rallying ranks with murderous fire, replied,
They bore the fallen o'er the field, and through the purple tide!

The fallen! And the first who fell in that unequal strife
Was he whom Mercy sped to save when Justice claim'd his life—
The pardon'd soldier! And, while yet the conflict raged around—
While yet his life-blood ebb'd away through every gaping wound—

While yet his voice grew tremulous, and death bedimm'd his eye—
He call'd his comrades to attest he had not fear'd to die!
And, in his last expiring breath, a prayer to Heaven was sent—
That God, with His unfailing grace, would bless our President!

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

IT was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; — from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, and from the capitals of various nations, — all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us. The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur, — "Home was not far away." And every morning it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it; and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came noiselessly stealing

from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

At a league's distance, unconscious; and at nearer approach, unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen, unfelt, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his boat, with the first officer, to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, oh, that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters gaining upon the hold, and rising upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind,—had he stood to execute sufficiently the commander's will,—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so *honor*. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew, rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of *collision* to the catastrophe of SINKING!

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door —
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wish'd the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I open'd wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word,
"Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word,
"LENORE!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely there is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'T is the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door —
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door —
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then, this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber-door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he utter'd — not a feather then he flutter'd —
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before:
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of — Never — nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust, and door.
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core —
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press — ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — NEVERMORE!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care —
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently, and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
  Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
  Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
  One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
  Oozing so clammily;

Loop up her tresses
  Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home?

Who was her father?
  Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
  Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
  Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
  Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
  Feelings were changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
  With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
  Houseless by night.

The bleak winds of March
  Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
  Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
  Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
  Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
  The rough river ran:
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
  Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
  Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care—
Fashion'd so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen so rigidly,

Decently — kindly —
  Smooth and compose them;
  And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
  Through muddy impurity,
As when, with the daring
Last look of despairing,
  Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
  Into her rest —
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
  Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
  Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
  Her sins to her Saviour!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South, at break of day,
  Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
  And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,

As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who bless'd,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure — her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud —
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen of the May.

There 's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There 's Margaret and Mary, there 's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say:
So I 'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen of the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I 'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen of the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin, leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday:
But I 'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen of the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

They say he is dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day;
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you 'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen:
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away;
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers;
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day;
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill;
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play;
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year:
To-morrow 'll be, of all the year, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

OH, the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing, flirting, skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak —
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by,
It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by —
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting, freezing, dying—alone!
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again,
Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee,
The crucified hung on the accursed tree,
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear,
Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my prayer?
O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

THE RISING, 1776.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swell'd the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteem'd of gentle blood.

In vain their feet with loitering tread
Pass'd 'mid the graves where rank is nought;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Deck'd in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

There, veil'd in all the sweets that are
Blown from the violet's purple bosom,
The scent of lilacs from afar,
Touch'd with the sweet shrub's spicy blossom,
Walk'd Esther; and the rustic ranks
Stood on each side, like flowery banks,
To let her pass — a blooming aisle,
Made brighter by her summer smile;
On her father's arm she seem'd to be
The last green bough of that haughty tree.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallow'd his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Forgive the student Edgar there
If his enchanted eyes would roam,
And if his thoughts soar'd not beyond,
And if his heart glow'd warmly fond
Beneath his hop[illegible] terrestrial dome.
To him the maiden seem'd to stand,
Veil'd in the glory of the morn,
At the bar of the heavenly bourn,
A guide to the golden holy land.

When came the service low response,
Hers seem'd an angel's answering tongue;
When with the singing choir she sung,
O'er all the rest her sweet notes rung,
As if a silver bell were swung
'Mid bells of iron and of bronze.

At times, perchance — oh, happy chance! —
Their lifting eyes together met,
Like violet to violet,
Casting a dewy greeting glance.
For once the Love, young Love, forgiven,
That here, in a bewilder'd trance,
He brought the blossoms of romance,
And waved them at the gates of heaven.

The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compell'd the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed,
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seem'd, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—
The warrior priest had order'd so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seem'd the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as never before.
It seem'd as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! war! war!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answer'd, "I!"

OLD IRONSIDES.

Written when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution, or to convert her into a receiving-ship, as unfit for service.

AY, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with hero's blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquer'd knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale!

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land:
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:
But some were young — and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild:
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There 's another — not a sister: in the happy days gone by,
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry — too fond for idle scorning —
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning;
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain — my soul be out of prison,)
I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along — I heard, or seem'd to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we pass'd with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remember'd walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser — his grasp was childish weak —
His eyes put on a dying look — he sigh'd and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled —
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land — was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

THE FAMINE.

OH, the long and dreary winter!
Oh, the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;

With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast, and found none;
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.
Oh, the famine and the fever!
Oh, the wasting of the famine!
Oh, the blasting of the fever!
Oh, the wailing of the children!
Oh, the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said, "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said, "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he, with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation;
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er-forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dakotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the belovèd,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dakotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!" —

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him,
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moan'd and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments;
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blesséd.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,

That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blesséd,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;

The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied
Excelsior!

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye:
But still he answer'd, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior!

TO SAVE AND TO SLAY.

An extract from "John Brent."

WE galloped abreast, — Armstrong at the right. His weird, gaunt White held his own with the best of us. No whip, no spur, for that deathly creature. He went as if his master's purpose

were stirring him through and through. That stern intent made his sinews steel, and put an agony of power into every stride. The man never stirred, save sometimes to put a hand to that bloody blanket bandage across his head and temple. He had told his story; he had spoken his errand; he breathed not a word; but with his lean, pallid face set hard, his gentle blue eyes scourged of their kindliness, and fixed upon those distant mountains where his vengeance lay, he rode on like a relentless fate.

Next in the line I galloped. O my glorious black! The great, killing pace seemed mere playful canter to him, — such as one might ride beside a timid girl, thrilling with her first free dash over a flowery common, or a golden beach between sea and shore. But from time to time he surged a little forward with his great shoulders, and gave a mighty writhe of his body, while his hind legs came lifting his flanks under me, and telling of the giant reserve of speed and power he kept easily controlled. Then his ear would go back, and his large brown eye, with its purple-black pupil, would look round at my bridle-hand and then into my eye, saying, as well as words could have said it, "This is mere sport, my friend and master. You do not know me. I have stuff in me that you do not dream. Say the word, and I can double this, treble it. Say the word! let me show you how I can spurn the earth."

Then, with the lightest pressure on the snaffle, I would say, "Not yet! not yet! Patience, my noble friend! Your time will come."

At the left rode Brent, our leader. He knew the region; he made the plan; he had the hope; his was the ruling passion, — stronger than brotherhood, than revenge. Love made him leader of that galloping three. His iron-gray went grandly, with white mane flapping the air like a signal-flag of reprieve. Eager hope and kindling purpose made the rider's face more beautiful than ever. He seemed to behold Sidney's motto written on the golden haze before him, "*Viam aut inveniam aut feciam.*" I felt my heart grow great, when I looked at his calm features, and caught his assuring smile, — a gay smile but for the dark, fateful resolve beneath it. And when he launched some stirring word of cheer, and shook another ten of seconds out of the gray's mile, even Armstrong's countenance grew less deathly as he turned to our leader in silent response.

So we galloped three abreast, neck and neck, hoof with hoof, steadily quickening our pace over the sere width of desert. We must make the most of the levels. Rougher work, cruel obstacles, were before. All the wild, triumphant music I had ever heard

came and sang in my ears to the flinging cadence of the resonant feet, tramping on hollow arches of the volcanic rock, over great, vacant chasms underneath. Sweet and soft around us melted the hazy air of October, and its warm, flickering currents shook like a veil of gauzy gold between us and the blue bloom of the mountains far away, but nearing now, and lifting step by step.

On we galloped, the avenger, the friend, the lover, on our errand to save and to slay.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive — a will, despotic in its dictates — an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character — the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and wealth and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest — he acknowledged no criterion but success — he worshipped no God but ambition, and, with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the

name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse and wore without shame the diadem of the Cæsars! Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama.

Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory — his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny — ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind — if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount — space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity!

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people — nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board! Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant.

It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room — with the mob or the levee — wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown — banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg — dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic — he was still the same military despot!

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature

must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters — the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy — the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist — a republican and an emperor — a Mohammedan — a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue — a subaltern and a sovereign — a traitor and a tyrant — a Christian and an infidel — he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original — the same mysterious, incomprehensible self — the man without a model, and without a shadow.

EXTRACT FROM THANATOPSIS.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE LESSON.

A TEACHER sat in a pleasant room,
In the waning light alone;
Her head was bowed in anxious thought:
With the work and care the day had brought,
She had faint and weary grown.
And the task which seemed light in morning's ray,
As she thought of it now, at the close of the day,
When weary with toil and faint with care,
Seemed more than human strength could bear.

Since the scholars had left her, one by one,
Nearly an hour had flown;
She had given them each a kind good-night,
And while they lingered her eyes were bright,
But they dimmed with tears when alone.
She had borne the burden the day had brought,
The daily task she had faithfully wrought,
And now, to solace her weary mind,
A lesson of life she sought to find.

The work and cares of the day she scans,
But no lesson from them receives.
The day has no lesson for me; she said,
A lesson, I'll read, in the Book instead,
And she opened her Bible leaves.
When lo! the lesson she had sought in vain,
To draw from her fainting and weary brain,
At once from the holy page she drew,
Though always the same, yet ever new.

"Establish Thou the work of our hands;"
'T was this that met her gaze,
The words went up from her lips like prayer;
And as she read, she treasured there
A lesson for many days.
Not alone for her let the lesson be,
May it come as well to you and me.
Let our prayer be the words of holy writ,
"Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

THE FIREMAN.

THE city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.

Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquillized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave are careless, those who joy or weep
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side.
'T is summer's eve: the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs:
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! Oh, horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?—
'T is fire! 't is fire! She wakes to dream no more!
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door!
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that cry!
"Help! help! Will no one aid? I die—I die!"
She seeks the casement: shuddering at its height,
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight:
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.
"Help! help! Will no one come!" She can no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The Fireman comes, to rescue or to die!
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room—flames flashing round his head;
He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with his stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray;
And ruin crashes round his desperate way.

Hot smoke obscures — ten thousand cinders rise —
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize.
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On! on!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed — the blazing hall is braved!
Still on! yet on! once more! *Thank Heaven, she's saved.*

SPEECH OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

YOU heard from my learned friend, Gentlemen of the Jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, gentleman, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street; and here she placed in her front-parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription — "APARTMENTS FURNISHED FOR A SINGLE GENTLEMAN. INQUIRE WITHIN."

Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear — she had no distrust — all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor — Mr. Bardell was a man of his word — Mr. Bardell was no deceiver — Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days, gentlemen — a being,

erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house! He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick — Pickwick the defendant!

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany. I say systematic villany, gentlemen; and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Nokes, or Stoaks, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washer-woman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that on many occasions he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage — previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a position to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends — most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen, most unwilling witnesses — that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties — letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye — letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third

parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "Garraway's, twelve o'clock. — Dear Mrs. B. — Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." .Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! And tomato sauce. Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?

The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious: "Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression: "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan! Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire — a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant! Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps.

But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street — Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward — Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans — Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him — the only recom-

pense you can award to my client! And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen!

BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the Southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path —
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day —
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth — bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side —
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white-rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed.

Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift — bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer —
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory — bring flowers, bright flowers!

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

STORM on the midnight waters! The vast sky
Is stooping with the thunder. Cloud on cloud
Rolls heavily in the darkness, like a shroud
Shook by some warning spirit from the high
And terrible wall of heaven. The mighty wave
Tosses beneath its shadow, like the bold
Upheavings of a giant from the grave,
Which bound him prematurely to its cold
And desolate bosom. Lo — they mingle now —
Tempest and heaving wave, along whose brow
Trembles the lightning from its thick cloud fold.

And it is very terrible! The roar
Ascendeth unto heaven, and thunders back
Like a response of demons, from the black
Rifts of the hanging tempests — yawning o'er
The wild waves in their torment. Hark! the cry
Of the strong man in peril, piercing through
The uproar of the waters and the sky;
As the rent bark one moment rides to view,
On the tall billows, with the thunder-cloud
Closing around, above her, like a shroud!

He stood upon the reeling deck — His form
Made visible by the lightning, and His brow,
Uncovered to the visiting of the storm,
Told of a triumph man may never know —

Power underived and mighty. — '*Peace, be still!*'
The great waves heard Him, and the storm's loud tone
Went moaning into silence at His will:
And the thick clouds, where yet the lightning shone,
And slept the latent thunder, rolled away
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind,
Changing upon the pinions of the wind
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou, before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm —
To whom the waves do homage, round the shore
Of many an island empire! — if the form
Of the frail dust beneath thine eye may claim
Thy infinite regard — oh, breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul, the same
Quiet, and peace, and humbleness, which came
O'er the roused waters, where Thy voice had gone,
A minister of power — to conquer in Thy name!

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

THE ship's bell tolled! and slowly o'er the deck
Came forth the summoned crew. Bold, hardy men,
Far from their native skies, stood silent there
With melancholy brow. From a low cloud
That o'er the horizon hover'd, came the threat
Of distant muttered thunder. Broken waves
Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the expanse
Of ocean, which in brooding stillness lay
Like some vindictive king, who meditates
On hoarded wrongs, or wakes the wrathful war.

The ship's bell tolled! and, lo! a youthful form
Which oft had boldly dared the slippery shrouds
At midnight's watch, was as a burden laid
Down at his comrades' feet. Mournful they gazed
Upon his sunken cheek, and some there were
Who in that bitter hour remembered well

The parting blessing of his hoary sire,
And the big tears that o'er his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when his beloved voice
Breathed its farewell. But one who nearest stood
To that pale, shrouded corse, remembered more;
Of a white cottage with its shaven lawn,
And blossomed hedge, and of a fair-haired girl
Who, at her lattice veiled with woodbine, watched
His last, far step, and then turned back to weep.
And close that comrade in his faithful breast
Hid a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth
Had severed with a cold and trembling hand
In life's extremity, and bade him bear,
With broken words of love's last eloquence,
To his blest Mary. Now that chosen friend
Bowed low his sun-bronzed face, and, like a child,
Sobbed in deep sorrow.

But there came a tone,
Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas,
'*I am the resurrection.*' Every heart
Suppressed its grief, and every eye was raised.
There stood the chaplain — his uncovered brow
Unmarked by earthly passion, while his voice,
Rich as the balm from plants of Paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men. It was a holy hour!
There lay the wreck of youthful beauty — here
Bent mourning manhood, while supporting Faith
Cast her strong anchor 'neath the troubled wave.

There was a plunge! The riven sea complained!
Death from his briny bosom took her own.
The awful fountains of the deep did lift
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of ocean, 'mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul,
In all the funeral pomp, the guise of woe,
The monumental grandeur, with which earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was nought so sad,
Sublime, or sorrowful, as the mute sea
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

"I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history. The world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever."—WEBSTER'S *Speech*.

NEW England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the Northern hill,
And on the Southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!
Oh, few and weak their numbers were —
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,

To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call: the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they heed not its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality:
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;

And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

THE MANIAC.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad:
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad; I am not mad.

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail;
Oh, jailer, haste that fate to tell!

Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer:
  His heart at once 't will grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
  I am not mad; I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
  He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp, still, still I see;
  'T is gone, and all is gloom again.
Cold! bitter cold! no warmth! no light!
  Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
  Although not mad; no, no, not mad.

'T is sure some dream, some vision vain;
  What! I — the child of rank and wealth?
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
  Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
  Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head!
  But 't is not mad; no, 't is not mad.

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
  A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She 'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
  Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you sued to stay;
  Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how — I 'll drive such thoughts away;
  They 'll make me mad; they 'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
  His mild, blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child:
  And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
  My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I *will* be free! unbar the door!
  I am not mad; I am not mad.

Oh, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes; I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes.
Help! help! He's gone! Oh, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain — I know, I know
I *am* not mad, but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon; — for, lo you! — while I speak —
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror! — the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends; — I feel the truth;
Your task is done! — *I'm mad! I'm mad!*

THE GLOVE AND THE LION.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mong them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another;
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me:
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"Not *love*," quoth he, "but *vanity*, sets love a task like that."

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

Written by a young lady, who had been accused of being a maniac on the subject of Temperance, because her writings were so full of pathos.

GO, feel what I have felt;
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed, with bitter curse, aside;
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen,
  Behold the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
  And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, to thy mother's side,
  And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thy own deep anguish hide;
  Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;
With fading frame and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;

But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup,
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing — a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight, the drunkard's child.

Go, hear, and feel, and see, and know
  All that *my soul* hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
  See if its beauty can atone;
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all proclaim, "'T is drink, and die."

Tell me I hate the bowl —
  Hate is a feeble word:
I loathe — abhor — my very soul
  With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell.

STUART HOLLAND.

"Amidst all the terrible incidents attendant upon the destruction of the Arctic, there is one which impresses us with a feeling of awe and admiration, and shows all the world that the age of heroes is not altogether gone by. We refer to the young man, Stuart Holland, whose post of duty, throughout the trying scene, was the firing of a signal gun, at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of vessels in the distance to the scene of the disaster. He was in the very act of firing, as the vessel disappeared below the waters."

DEATH on the waters! hark! the cry
Of hundreds in their agony,
Who, helpless, crowd the deck;
There manhood sternly marks his tomb,
And woman wails amid the gloom,
As slowly sinks the wreck.
But who is he that calmly stands,
The lighted brand within his hands,
Beside the minute gun?
What quiet grandeur in his air—
His right arm raised—his forehead bare,
Amid the cannon's quivering glare,
And mist-wreaths rolling dun!

"Save, save thyself!" the captain cried—
"The craven crew have left our side:
I go where goes my glorious bride,
My own majestic bark.
But thou art free—thy mother waits
Her son, beside the cottage gates!"
How answered Holland—hark!
His minute-gun again—and by
The flash that lights the sea and sky,
Behold the hero's form,
Grand as a young Greek god who smiles
When shake the proud Olympian piles,
And quiver all the misty isles
Beneath the bolted storm!

In vain, in vain the loud gun roars—
No more for him the calm green shores—
For him no more the home:

But still undaunted there he stands,
The lighted brand within his hands,
  Above the wild, white foam.
See! see! the vessel reels — a cry
Of shivering horror rends the sky —
  O God! can no one save?
The proud ship sinks — and sinks: again
The cannon thunders to the main —
  Then nought but mist and wave,
Where, but a few brief hours ago,
  The rider of the billows bore,
In pride, four hundred joyous souls
  To an expectant shore!

Soul of the brave! when sounds the trump
'Mid red-browed battle's glorious pomp,
And rolling drum and thrilling fife
Lead on the dark and desperate strife,
While gorgeous banners rise and fall
Majestic o'er the soldier's pall,
And eager nations turn their eyes
Upon the heroes' sacrifice —
Oh, 't is not then, it is not there,
With gory blade and vengeful air,
  The grandest wreath is thine:
'T is when with calm, untrembling breath,
The hero, smiling, faces Death
  Upon the land or brine,
And knowing not if e'er his name
Shall murmur from the harp of fame,
But looking from a troubled zone
To God, and to his God alone!

Brave Holland! such a wreath is thine,
  And millions shall rejoice that they
May build to thee a glorious shrine,
And round it deathless laurel twine,
  Nor let thy memory fade away —
For still, despite the reeling deck,
The yawning wave, the sinking wreck,
  The record of thy deed remains,

Stamped on the pyramid that Time
For hero-souls of every clime
  Has reared on glory's plains.

Oh, dweller of the crag and cloud,
  Wave wider, wider yet thy wing!
Roll back, roll back the tempest's shroud,
  And brood above the thunder's spring:
A newer splendor lights thy plume,
  And fresher vigor nerves thy flight
Amid the South's soft sunny bloom,
  Or through the Northland's wintry night:
'T was not in vain our martyrs sighed —
And not in vain our heroes cried
  'T is sweet for one's own land to die!
The soul of yore, the soul that gave
Their glory to our soil and wave,
From Vernon's mount and Ashland's grave,
  Still lightens through the sky!

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
  And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land
    of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, all in his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter — the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van
"Remember St. Bartholomew" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, then: "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return!
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work.

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;

Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch —
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grizzly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
This shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessèd leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch —
Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

FRIENDS: I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom; — we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave! — not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory, and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages —
Strong in some hundred spearsmen — only great
In that strange spell — a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you —
I had a brother once — a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die! Have ye daughters fair? Look

To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! — and once again —
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes!

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

JIST afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'T was the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang them by thrial — barrin' sich as was shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial law hangin' the lavins by night.
It 's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:
If he missed in the judges, he 'd meet a dragoon;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
An' it 's many the fine boy was then on his keepin'
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin';
An' because they loved Erin, and scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet —
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
An' for all that he was n't an ugly young b'y,
For the divil himself could n't blaze with his eye

So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illegantest hurler that ever was seen,
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
An', by gorra, the whole world gev in to him there.
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
An' it's many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done: an' it's often I heerd tell
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
Afther many a brave act of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look at her dim, lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
And farewell to the girl who would die for your sake.
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
The fleet limbs wor chained, and the sthrong limbs wor bound,
An' he laid down his length on the cowld prison-ground,
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.

But the tears did n't fall, for the pride of his heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good, and the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,
For, undaunted he lived, and undaunted he 'd die.
Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on:
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword in hand;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sitting up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,
With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minute 't was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim did n't understand it, nor mind it a taste,
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said:
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my lifetime
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,

Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you, no!
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it 's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
And the judge was n't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, it 's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then Shamus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"Oh, judge! darlin', don't, oh, don't say the word!
The crathur is young. have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he did n't know what he was doin';
You don't know him, my lord — oh, don't give him to ruin!
He 's the kindliest crathur, the tendherest-hearted;
Don't part us forever, we that 's so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An God will forgive you — oh, don't say the word!"
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the sthrong, manly voice 't would falther and break;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquered and masthered his grief's swelling tide,
"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart.
For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it 's betther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour;

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For I wish, when my head 's lyin' under the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"
Then toward the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentince was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
Oh, Shamus O'Brien! pray fervent and fast;
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
An' fasther an' fasther the crowd gathered there—
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;
An' whiskey was sellin', and cussamuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark
There was n't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark;
An' be gorry, 't was thrue for him, for divil sich a scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge,
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'd come on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild, wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;

An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling chord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres';
He 's not down! he 's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!
Through the smoke and the horses he 's into the crowd —
By the heavens, he 's free! — than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken —
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
To-night he 'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' the divil 's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it 's yourself you must hang.

He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be
In America, darlint, the land of the free.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

YE call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus — a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep be-

neath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse — the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; — the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron, and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; — to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the

yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled.

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'T is three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours — and a dainty meal for him ye shall be! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

THE RETORT.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East —
  Haughty, being great — purse-proud, being rich —
A governor, or general, at the least,
  I have forgotten which —
Had in his family an humble youth,
  Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
  A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
  But yet, with all his sense,
  Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
  His honor, proudly free, severely merry,

Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said, (craving pardon, if too free he made,)
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade?"

"My father's trade! by heaven, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low —
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

THE CURSE OF REGULUS.

THE palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the centre of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before the tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring,

a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate House. There were mothers in that throng, whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childness; men, who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman! He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious, as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased — the half-uttered execration died upon the lip — so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as he thus addressed them:

"Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearnings after immortality — of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to *you*. If the bright blood which feeds *my* heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in *your* veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life, and broken my oath. If, then, you ask why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body, which I esteem but as the rags that cover it — enough reply for you, it is *because I am a Roman!* As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done, ye can never *undo;* what *ye* may do, I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels? And do ye now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of these sinews, would be but sport to me.

"Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The gen-

erous people, with loud wailing, and wild-tossed gestures, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother — her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks — praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torments *you* have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die — but mine shall be the triumph; yours the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins, your own shall pour in torrents! Woe, unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city! thou art doomed! the curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned and scourged — thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods!

"Now, bring forth your tortures! *Slaves!* while ye tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies, and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse!"

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

BLAZE, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;

Go, count your chosen, where they fell
  Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
  The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
  And blood my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
  Some to defend their all—
I battle for the joy I have
  To see the white man fall:
I love, among the wounded,
  To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
  The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
  Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the everglade,
  Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
  With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
  And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
  I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
  And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
  And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
  Till I sink beneath its wave!

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

DARK is the night! How dark! No light: no fire!
  Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him, who pledged her *love—last year a bride!*

"Hark! 't is his footstep! No!—'t is past!—'t is gone!"
Tick!—tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I *believed* 't would last!—How mad!—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'T is hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 't is the dice-box! Yes! he 's there! he 's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! *his child!* for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I 'll not curse him. No! 't is all in vain!
'T is long to wait, but sure he 'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for *you*,
My child!—*his child!* Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 't is his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!"
'T is but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou 'rt cold! thou 'rt freezing! But we *will* not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
O God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They 're gone, they 're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are number'd with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast:
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around:—the clock struck four!

THE PATRIOT'S ELYSIUM.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around!
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy COUNTRY, and that spot thy HOME.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit;
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlen church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood, black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her;

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

LOOK at that! Behold it! See its purity! See how it glitters like a crown of liquid gems! It is a beverage that was brewed by the hand of the Almighty himself. Not in the simmering still or smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and

surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and glassy dell, where the wild deer wanders and the child loves to play — there God brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up on the mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sunlight, where the storm-clouds brood and the thunder-storms crash — there He brews it; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music, and the mighty waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God — there He brews it — that beverage of life — health-giving water!

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; whether gleaming in the dewdrop, pattering in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem till the trees all seem turned into living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a bright halo around the midnight moon, roaring in the cataract, sleeping in the glaciers, dancing in the hail-storm, folding its pearly white mantle gently about the wintry world, or weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of radiation — still always it is beautiful, that blessed life-water!

There are no poison-bubbles on its brink! Its foam brings no sadness or sorrow! There are no blood-stains in its limpid glass! Broken-hearted wives, pale widows, and starving orphans shed no tears in its depths! No drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! But it is beautiful, pure, blest, and glorious. Give *me* forever the sparkling, pure, heavenly water!

DRIFTING.

MY soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

THE CHARNEL SHIP.

THE night, the long, dark night, at last
Passed fearfully away;
'Mid crashing ice, and howling blast,
They hailed the dawning day,
Which broke to cheer the whaler's crew,
And wide around its gray light threw.

The storm had ceased; its wrath had rent
The icy wall asunder;
And many a piercing glance they sent
Around in awe and wonder;
And sailor hearts their rude praise gave
To God, that morn, from o'er the wave.

The breeze blew freshly, and the sun
Poured his full radiance far
On heaps of icy fragments, won,
Sad trophies, in the past night's war
Of winds and waters, and in piles
Now drifted by bright shining isles.

But lo! still farther off appears
A form more dim and dark;
And anxious eyes, and hopes, and fears
Its slow, strange progress mark.
It hastens to them, by the breeze
Borne onward from more Northern seas.

Near, and more near; and can it be,
(More venturous than their own,)

A ship, whose seeming ghost they see
  Among the icebergs thrown?
With broken masts, dismantled all,
And dark sails like a funeral pall?

God of the mariner! protect
  Her inmates as she moves along,
Through perils, which ere now had wrecked,
  But that Thine arm is strong!
Ha! she has struck! she grounds! she stands
Still, as if held by giant hands!

"Quick, man the boat!" Away they sprang,
  The stranger ship to aid,
And loud their hailing voices rang,
  And rapid speed they made;
But all in silence, deep, unbroke,
The vessel stood; none answering spoke.

'T was fearful! not a sound arose,
  No moving thing was there,
To interrupt the dread repose
  Which filled each heart with fear.
On deck they silent stepped, and sought,
Till one, a man, their sad sight caught.

He was alone, the damp-chill mould
  Of years hung on his cheek;
While the pen within his hand had told
  The tale no voice might speak:
"Seventy days," the record stood,
"We have been in the ice, and wanted food!"

They took his book, and turned away,
  But soon discovered where
The wife, in her death-sleep, gently lay
  Near him in life most dear,
Who, seated beside his young heart's pride,
Long years before had calmly died.

Oh, wedded love! how beautiful,
How pure a thing thou art,
Whose influence e'en in death can rule,
And triumph o'er the heart;
Can cheer life's roughest walk, and shed
A holy light around the dead!

There was a solemn, sacred feeling
Kindled in every breast,
And, softly from the cabin stealing,
They left them to their rest;
The fair, the young, the constant pair,
They left them, with a blessing, there.

And to their boat returning, each
With thoughtful brow, and haste,
And o'ercharged heart, too full for speech,
They left amid that waste
The charnel ship, which, years before,
Had sailed from distant Albion's shore.

They left her in the icebergs, where
Few venture to intrude,
A monument of death and fear,
'Mid Ocean's solitude;
And, grateful for their own release,
Thanked God, and sought their homes in peace.

THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood sidewise, half-covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse — all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,
"O God! thou hast blessed me — I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear?
'T is the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'T is the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock — he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters — the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his darks wings o'er the wave.

O sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall love, home, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye:
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

THE consul's brow was sad, and the consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late.
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.

"In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"
Then out spake Spurius Lartius — a Ramnian proud was he —
"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius — of Titian blood was he —
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."
"Horatius," quoth the consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array, forth went the dauntless three.

Soon all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless three.
And from the ghastly entrance, where those bold Romans stood,
The bravest shrank like boys who rouse an old bear in the wood.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the fathers all:
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder, fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken, when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
And battlement, and plank, and pier whirled headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise, stood gazing where he sank,
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking — but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the villain drown?
But for his stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom; — now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers to press his gory hands.
And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

MR. PRESIDENT: — It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be

of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth — to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past: and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir — it will prove a snare to your feet: suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir: these are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before

the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week — or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible under any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone: there is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged — their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir — let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears

the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

LIBERTY AND UNION.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day at

least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre; not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly: Liberty first, and union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart: Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

EMMETT'S REPLY.

On the 23d of June, 1803, a rebellion against the government broke out in Dublin, in which Robert Emmett, at the time only twenty-three years of age, was a principal actor. It proved a failure. Emmett was arrested, having missed the opportunity of escape, it is said, by lingering to take leave of a daughter of Curran, the gifted orator, to whom he bore an attachment, which was reciprocated. On the 19th of September, 180 , Emmett was tried for high treason at the Sessions House, Dublin, before Lord Norbury, one of the Chief Judges of the King's Bench, and others; was found guilty, and executed the next day. Through his counsel, he had asked, at the trial, that the judgment of the Court might be postponed until the next morning. This request was not granted. The Clerk of the Crown read the indictment, and announced the verdict found, in the usual form. He then concluded thus: "What have you, therefore, now to say, why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?" Standing forward in the dock, in front of the Bench, Emmett made the following impromptu address. At his execution, Emmett displayed great fortitude. As he was passing out of his cell, on his way to the gallows, he met the turnkey, who had become much attached to him. Being fettered, Emmett could not give his hand; so he kissed the poor fellow on the cheek, who, overcome by the mingled condescension and tenderness of the act, fell senseless at the feet of the youthful victim, and did not recover till the latter was no longer among the living.

WHAT have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which

you have labored (as was necessarily your office to do, in the present circumstances of this oppressed country,) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

I do not imagine, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms by which it is at present buffeted. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy — for there must be guilt *somewhere;* whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

My lord, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit — I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts upon my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but, while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and

love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, we must appear, on the great day, at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives — my country's oppressors, or myself.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition! And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No; I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country — not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? A change of masters? No; but for ambition.

Oh, my country! had it been personal ambition that influenced me — had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life. No, my lord, I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in parricide, whose rewards are the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and a consciousness of depravity.

It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station of the world which Providence has destined her to fill.

I have been charged with so great importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch — you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord — men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends — who would not dis-

grace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand — [*Here he was interrupted by the judge.*]

What, my lord, shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been, and will be, shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor — shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? — I, who fear not to approach the omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life — am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? — by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it? — [*Here the judge again interfered.*]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor: let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could engage in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks my views; from which no inference can be tortured to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, or humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign invader, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent and repel it? No; God forbid!

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim: it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven.

Be yet patient. I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished;

my race is run; the grave opens to receive me; and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives, dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

FARMER JOHN.

HOME from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound;
His black coat off and his old clothes on:
"Now I'm myself," said Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you could eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him;
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I'm away?

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John.
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week,"
Says Farmer John. "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray.
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!

"For, after all," said Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights, but would not give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome!
These hills, for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare;
Land all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears, and batter your bones!
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away!

"There Money is king," says Farmer John;
"And Fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how, sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay,
You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John—
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure, and days of worry;
And wealth is n't all in gold,
Mortgages and stocks, and ten per cent.,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray:
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John—
  Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
  And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too;
    And you, old Bay,
    And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away."

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

At the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far, or come they near?
Look abroad and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreats and now advances!
Right against the blazing cannon shiver Puebla's charging lances!
Down they go, the brave young riders: horse and foot together fall;
Like the ploughshare in its furrow, through them ploughs the northern ball."

"Oh, my heart's love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me, canst thou see?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! Oh, my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed Cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded; lay the Cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor, bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him then the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the northern hostile eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror, straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

"A bitter curse upon them, boy, who to battle led thee forth,
From some gentle, saddened mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living still, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind:
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! Oh, thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons — drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint, and lacking food;

Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh its Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still Thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and

urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

EUGENE ARAM'S DREAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is 'The Death of Abel?'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
  Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
  And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
  Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
  Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
  Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
  A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
  A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field—
  The moon shone clear and cold:
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
  And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
  And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
  And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
  But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
  That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
  For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
  That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
  Seem'd lit with ghastly flame:
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
  Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
  And call'd upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice — the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream —
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin has render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time:
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corpse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep —
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again — again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my right red hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul —
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE INDIANS.

THERE is, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were uncon-

querable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, — nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart-cores — a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated — a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes,— the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors,—"few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look at their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim nor method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them, — no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark forebodings.

SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS IN ETRURIA.

ENVOYS of Rome, the poor camp of Spartacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossinius; ask Claudius; ask Varinius; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold — would ye know what we do with *that* — go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arena, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day — shall I forget it ever? — *ye* were present — I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your munerator, your lord of the games, bethought him it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the People; "*habet! habet!*" But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Podium, where sat your Senators and men of State, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die! Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words — rather a welcome to death than a plea for life — told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arena vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. Oh, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted, "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill *him?* — They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well: do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said — I know not what. I only know that when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face, and then burst forth the simultaneous cry — "Lead on! lead on, O Spartacus!" Forth we rushed — seized what rude weapons chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There day by day our little band increased. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus the dreaded rebel! A larger army, headed by the Prætor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "kill!" In three pitched battles, have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome sends her two Consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal were on her borders!

Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes on! So swells *his* force — small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! Oh, we shall not forget Rome's many lessons! She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And, smiling, cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Ladye Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each, in turn, must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'T is now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes:
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower, and hall—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to *one*," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past—
So holy 't is and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly, to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother!"

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

REPUBLICAN institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances, which, in

their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved!

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead*, DEAD, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome!

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes its echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you

a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay —
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er —
That I shall mount my noble steed, and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I — ha! ha! — must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Paynim spear:
Think ye he's entered at my gate — has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot:
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power! — defy, and fear him not!

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in:
Up with my banner on the wall — the banquet-board prepare —
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then; the banquet forth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men! — pour forth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop — thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? — mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not! — forth draw each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly! — louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! — and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

"But I defy him! — let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing halfway up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat — dead!

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.

THE king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee:
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'My father' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:
And thy dark sin! — Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;

And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

FOR Scotland's and for Freedom's right
The Bruce his part had play'd:
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismay'd;
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought;
And now, from battle faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claim'd a throne;
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed—
Yet well I know had slumber fled
From couch of eider-down;
Through darksome night to dawn of day,
Immersed in wakeful thoughts he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roof'd the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw:
In vain the filmy line was sped;
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appear'd, and back recoil'd
The patient insect, six times foil'd,
And yet unconquer'd still;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, the seventh and last;
The hero hail'd the sign!
And on the wish'd-for beam hung fast
The slender, silky line.
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That perseverance gains its meed,
And patience wins the race.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man:
So are they all, all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men:
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet; 't is his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent—
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
This was the most unkindest cut of all!
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep! and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity;—these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look ye here!
Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: — I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO be — or not to be; — that is the question: —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? — To die — to sleep —
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die — to sleep; —
To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despisèd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death —
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night;
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No: 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar—
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;—
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years:
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn, the marshalling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean:
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
A patient mother watched beside the death-bed of her child —
A little worn-out creature — his once bright eyes grown dim;
It was the collier's wife and child — they called him "Little Jim."

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer of thought — she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life,
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife:
With hands uplifted, see! she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He will spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from her child — soft fall these words from him:
"Mother, the angels they do smile, and beckon 'Little Jim.'
I have no pain, dear mother, now; but oh! I am so dry —
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again — and, mother, don't ye cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held a tea-cup to his lips;
He smiled to thank her as he took three little tiny sips —
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him;
And, mother, now I 'll go to sleep." Alas! poor "Little Jim."

She saw that he was dying — the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to hear;
The cottage door is opened — the collier's step is heard —
The father and the mother meet, but neither spake a word.
He felt that all was over — he knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips give token of the grief he 'd fain conceal —
And see! his wife has joined him — the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down with sadness they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet their own poor "Little Jim."

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! — Oh! break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed — his proud breast heaved — his cheek's hue came and went —
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent,

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took —
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold — a frozen thing — it dropped from his like lead —
He looked up to the face above — the face was of the dead.
A plume waved o'er the noble brow — the brow was fixed and white; —
He met at last his father's eyes — but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; — but who could paint that gaze!
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze: —
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then —
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of war-like men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown —
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then, covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now —
My king is false, my hope betrayed! My father — oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet! —
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met! —
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then; — for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face — the king before the dead: —

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
— Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought — give answer, where are they?
— If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light — be still! keep down thine ire —
Bid these white lips a blessing speak — this earth is not my sire: —
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed —
Thou canst not? — and a king! — his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed — his slack hand fell; — upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain:
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor, do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently; for, in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters

— to very rags, — to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing — whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to Nature; to show virtue her own feature; scorn, her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play — and heard others praise, and that highly — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably!

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! — O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine — whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! — I call to you
With all my voice! — I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

. . . . Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss: — his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot —
'T was liberty! — I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away;
What is this absorbs me quite —
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes — it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

GUILT CANNOT KEEP ITS OWN SECRET.

Speech of Daniel Webster, on a trial for murder.

AN aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work. He explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder — no eye has seen him, nor ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own — and it is safe.

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or

earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles, with still greater violence, to burst forth. It *must* be confessed — it *will* be confessed — there is no refuge from confession but suicide — and suicide is confession!

AMERICAN LABORERS.

THE gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers! Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is *their* history. The renown of your country is *their* renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the words and the doings of *Northern laborers*, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank. Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence, prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time?" Who, sir, I ask, was he? A Northern laborer — a Yankee tallow-chandler's son — a printer's runaway boy?

And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a Northern army — yes, an army of Northern laborers — and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defence against British aggression, drove

the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A Northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith — the gallant General Greene — who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of Northern laborers! Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The fortitude of the men of the North, under intense suffering for liberty's sake, has been almost god-like! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, without food, without pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter — the midnight of our Revolution — whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty, until it finally triumphed? Who, sir, were these men? Why, Northern laborers! — yes, sir, Northern laborers! Who, sir, were Roger Sherman, and——? But it is idle to enumerate. To name the Northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this house. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire!

THE SOUTH DURING THE REVOLUTION.

IF there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit,) that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from

the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made — no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs — though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties — the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, perilled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions — Americans, all — whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears — does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir — increased gratification and delight, rather.

Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven — if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South — and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished

greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood round the Administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist — alienation and distrust — are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is — behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history — the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill — and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia — and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it — if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it — if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure — it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin!

THE NOBLEST PUBLIC VIRTUE.

THERE is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess — a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot — I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested — a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's

good — to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself! The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism, which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself — that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINE.

"GOT one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? S-a-y.
I'm a single man, and somewhat green;
Tell me about your sewing-machine."

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it—
I don't know what I could do without it;
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well that I call it 'my dear;'
'T is the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

"It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod back and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way — you need not stare —
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner with what-nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal, headachy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes and the daintiest foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter-boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With an indefinite number of hoops.

"None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature is the patentee;
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

"One that can dance, and — possibly — flirt;
And make a pudding as well as a shirt —
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch —
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or to do up your collars and things so nice.

"What do you think of my machine?
A'n't it the best that ever was seen?
'Tis n't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of tears.

"Tut, tut, don't talk. I see it all—
You need n't keep winking so hard at the wall:
I know what your fidgety fumblings mean:
You would like, yourself, a sewing-machine!
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left where I got mine!"

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

HOW goes the money? Well,
I 'm sure it is n't hard to tell;
It goes for rent and water-rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and hose—
And that 's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats, and capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs, and furbelows—
And that 's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Sure,
I wish the many ways were fewer;
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paints, pomade, and eau-de-rose—
And that 's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Now,
I 've scarce begun the mention how;

It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls, and other baby-things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells, and bows!
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Come,
I know it didn't go for rum;
It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity sometimes,
For missions and such things as those—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? There,
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays and diamond pins,
For public alms and private sins,
For hollow shams and silly shows—
And that's the way the money goes!

THANKSGIVING DAY.

A BRIGHT little damsel, dressed plainly and neat,
Came tripping along o'er the wet, miry street,
For November's first snow-gift was passing away
In the chemical change of a red-featured clay;
So she guarded her clothes with a housewifely care,
Still gliding ahead like a creature of air,
While every brisk nerve in her feet seem'd to say,
Going home, going home to keep Thanksgiving Day.

On her well-rounded arm a nice basket she bore,
With a present, perchance, of some delicate store;
For she poised it precisely, and peep'd now and then
Beneath its snug lid with a critical ken;
All was right, and 't would seem that her movements kept time
With the inward response of a musical chime,
For nothing that song of her spirit could stay,
Home, father and mother, and Thanksgiving Day.

Then on came the cars, with a whistle and din,
And light as a lark the young damsel leap'd in,
And I saw her no more, save a glimpse through the pane
Of a face that no evil had ventured to stain,
Surrounded by travellers, on business intent,
Some anxious, some weary, some feeble and bent,
Though mingled with others vociferous and gay,
In anticipation of Thanksgiving Day.

So Fancy her limning took up, and behold
A village sprang forth from her pencil of gold,
And a quaint, rural house 'mid its roof-trees arose,
Where a man and a woman, in Sabbath-day clothes,
Gazed forth from their gate o'er the hill-top so brown,
For their daughter to come from her work in the town,
And, lo! there she hastens, all smiling and gay,
To gladden their souls on this Thanksgiving Day.

O land of my birth! dear New England, the clime
Of pilgrims, and heroes, and sages sublime,
Whatever of change o'er thine annals may sweep
When we in thine elm-girdled bosom shall sleep,
To a love-lighted home, where the virtues preside,
And God is acknowledged as Ruler and Guide,
Still gather thine own, from their work or their play,
To this feast of the heart, old Thanksgiving Day.

THE ROMANCE OF NICK VAN STANN.

I CANNOT vouch my tale is true,
Nor say, indeed, 't is wholly new;
But true or false, or new or old,
I think you 'll find it fairly told.
A Frenchman, who had ne'er before
Set foot upon a foreign shore,
Weary of home, resolved to go
And see what Holland had to show.
He didn't know a word of Dutch,
But that could hardly grieve him much;

He thought — as Frenchmen always do —
That all the world could "parley-voo!"
At length our eager tourist stands
Within the famous Netherlands,
And, strolling gayly here and there
In search of something rich or rare,
A lordly mansion greets his eyes:
"How beautiful!" the Frenchman cries,
And, bowing to the man who sate
In livery at the garden-gate,
"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,
Whose very charming grounds are these?
And — pardon me — be pleased to tell
Who in this splendid house may dwell?"
To which, in Dutch, the puzzled man
Replied what seemed like "Nick Van Stann."*

"Thanks!" said the Gaul; "the owner's taste
Is equally superb and chaste;
So fine a house, upon my word,
Not even Paris can afford.
With statues, too, in every niche;
Of course, Monsieur Van Stann is rich,
And lives, I warrant, like a king —
Ah! wealth must be a charming thing!"
In Amsterdam, the Frenchman meets
A thousand wonders in the streets,
But most he marvels to behold
A lady dressed in silk and gold:
Gazing with rapture at the dame,
He begs to know the lady's name,
And hears — to raise his wonder more —
The very words he heard before!
"Mercie!" he cries; "well, on my life,
Milord has got a charming wife;
'T is plain to see, this Nick Van Stann
Must be a very happy man!"

Next day, our tourist chanced to pop
His head within a lottery-shop,

*Nicht verstann — I don't understand.

And there he saw, with staring eyes,
The drawing of the Mammoth Prize.
"Ten Millions!—'tis a pretty sum;
I wish I had as much at home!
I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner,
What lucky fellow is the winner?"
Conceive our traveller's amaze
To hear again the hackneyed phrase!
"What? no!—not Nick Van Stann again?
Faith! he's the luckiest of men!
You may be sure we don't advance
So rapidly as that in France:
A house, the finest in the land;
A lovely garden, nicely planned;
A perfect angel of a wife;
And gold enough to last a life;
There never yet was mortal man
So blest as Monsieur Nick Van Stann!

Next day the Frenchman chanced to meet
A pompous funeral in the street;
And, asking one who stood near by
What nobleman had pleased to die,
Was stunned to hear the old reply!
The Frenchman sighed and shook his head,
"Mon Dieu! poor Nick Van Stann is dead!
With such a house, and such a wife,
It must be hard to part with life;
And then, to lose that Mammoth Prize—
He wins, and—pop—the winner dies!
Ah! well—his blessings came so fast,
I greatly feared they could not last;
And thus, we see, the sword of Fate
Cuts down alike the small and great!"

DANIEL WEBSTER AND HENRY CLAY.

THERE was a striking contrast between Daniel Webster and his illustrious contemporary, Henry Clay. Webster was usually distant and reserved; Clay always cordial and sympa-

thizing. Webster conversed brilliantly, but he required to be drawn out; Clay would take the initiative, and he always selected the subject with tact and a true discernment of the tastes and intelligence of his companions. In fashionable society at Washington, Webster stood in proud repose, with icy brow, like Mont Blanc among the lesser Alps, its summit covered with perpetual snow. He was among them, but not of them. Clay, on the contrary, had the facility to adapt himself to every situation. He could shine as brilliantly in the saloon as in the Senate. Webster would enter the party of a secretary or minister, move slowly to one side of the room, and sit down, silent and abstracted. After a while a few friends would gather around him, and the conversation, at first sluggish and cold, would gradually become instructive, sometimes warm into eloquence, but seldom grow light and lively. Clay would address himself to the ladies, engage in their conversation or amusement, and vie with the lightest of them in gayety, with the liveliest in vivacity, and with the brightest in wit. Thus Clay was always the most popular man in Washington society; a distinction which Webster never attained and never sought.

Similar differences between the two were observable in their public and official intercourse with men. Webster made firm friends of the few, but held the many at a distance. He was courteous to all, but cordial only to those who had the key to his heart, and knew how to turn it. Clay made friends of all who approached him. Many who voted against him as a politician, loved him as a man. Webster inspired respect, but he was inscrutable. When you grasped the warm hand of Clay, you could look through the windows of his eyes right down into his heart and see it beat. Webster awed men — Clay attracted them. They admired Webster — they loved Clay.

In their treatment of great questions, the difference between Clay and Webster was as striking as in their manners. It reminds us of the contrast drawn by a writer some years since, in a style somewhat exaggerated, between Canning and Brougham. Clay swept lightly over the surface, seized the obvious points, and adorned his subject with all the graces of wit and rhetoric. Webster toiled in deep mines. grasped the strongest points, and addressed himself to the understanding rather than the sympathies of his hearers. Clay was the more persuasive — Webster

the more convincing. Clay constructed his edifice of the materials which lay nearest at hand, and it rose up light, airy, and graceful. Webster brought up from below the everlasting granite, and made his structure as solid as a pyramid. In personal controversy, Clay used a rapier; Webster, a broadsword. But both were adepts in the use of their peculiar weapons, and fortunate was the man who escaped alive from an encounter with either.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN FAVOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

Why then should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague, near you; are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our

lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the whole land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty, may "my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct to us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune: the latter she would feel as her own disgrace. Why, then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle.

I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before

them the glorious objects of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; first proclaim it there; let them hear it who first heard the roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so — be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood: but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe that the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment — Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

MOUNT VERNON.

A deeply interesting and highly eloquent address, delivered by the Hon. Joel B. Sutherland, in the presence of two thousand veteran soldiers of the War of 1812, assembled around the tomb of Washington, January 10th, 1856, representing nineteen States of the United States of America.

MY COUNTRYMEN — SOLDIERS OF 1812: — Look where we may we Americans cannot discover a spot so hallowed as this sacred shrine, where are garnered up the ashes of our beloved Washington. Around this sepulchre we therefore assemble, and most reverently bow the knee in token of our admiration of his spotless character. He was a soldier, a statesman, and a Christian. The Almighty gave him to America to make us free.

This is manifested in the watchings of Providence over him, as well when the Indian levelled his rifle at his heart, and firing, failed to kill him, as during the after-scenes in the bloody drama of the Revolution, when he was shielded from every harm. And, still further to indicate that our future existence as a people was largely to depend upon the father of our country, we find the course of events so moulded as that, after leading our army to victory, he was chosen to preside over the deliberations of the convention that framed our Constitution. With his unequalled name to that glorious instrument that binds the States together, we may confidently trust that they will never be sundered.

Who can witness the holy reverence and deep emotions of this assemblage of the descendants of the men of '76, at this resting-place of the great and the good, without believing that every other American, though not present with us, bears just as ardent a love for our country as we do ourselves?

These States will never break the links of holy concord that hold them together, as long as this tomb can be found by those who shall succeed us.

The lesson to be gathered from our pilgrimage here will be long remembered. Thousands will annually follow our example, and treading in our footsteps, will come up hither. Every father throughout the whole land will, at least once, repair to the repository of the mighty dead. Nay, more, he will bring with him his children when of proper age, and here, in the face of heaven and these venerated relics, pledge them to stand by the holy brotherhood of States.

Our mission is a progressive wonder. The voice of the first pilgrim who had landed upon our shores, breathing liberty in its sweet tones, has been echoing from that time till now over the hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, mountains and plains of this our almost boundless country. It has reached from the Atlantic far, far away, even climbing that vast rocky barrier betwixt us and the wide-spreading Pacific.

Our language, too, is the language of freedom. The nations that use it are either free, or on the high-road toward the full enjoyment of freedom. What may we, therefore, not expect in the advancing march of our America, the very Eden of the world?

We see at a glance, in our brilliant and happy career, the most marked demonstrations that we have a heavenly star to light up our onward course. God in his providence has reared his Christian standard of liberty in all parts of our territory, has given us school-houses, and religious temples devoted to his service, making our people a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well.

With such a wealth of promises surrounding us on all sides, we will not permit ourselves to be disturbed about our national destiny, for we are satisfied that "our Union" is in the safe-keeping of a Power that will preserve it sure and steadfast, even as "the everlasting hills."

GRANDEUR OF THE TRACKLESS SEA.

"The sea is His, and He made it."

ITS majesty is God. What is there more sublime than the trackless, desert, all-surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently-heaving, silent sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? Power resistless, overwhelming power, is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath. It is awful where its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds, and the howling winds, and the thunder, and the thunderbolt; and they sweep on, in the joy of their dread

alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out to meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show in the line of meeting the vast rotundity of the world. There is majesty in its wild expanse, separating and enclosing the great continents of the earth, occupying two-thirds of the whole surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty in its fulness, never diminishing, and never increasing. There is majesty in its integrity, for the whole vast surface is uniform; in its local unity, for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one meridian spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime — who can sound it? Its strength is sublime — what fabric of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple, or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves, or thunders at the base of some huge promontory; or beats against some toiling vessel's side, lulling the voyager to rest with its wild monotony; or dies away with the calm and dying twilight, in gentle murmurs, on some sheltered shore. What sight is there more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea? What music is there, however artful, which can be compared with the natural and changeful melodies of the resounding sea?

Its beauty is of God. It possesses it, in richness of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many-colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, when they dance to and fro with the breeze and the waves through the live-long night. It has a light, too, of its own, soft and streaming behind a milky-way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven.

BRIGHT WATER.

OH, water for me! bright water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee.
Water cooleth the brow, and cooleth the brain,
And maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea
All freshness, like infant purity;
Oh, water, bright water for me, for me:
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim, fill to the brim;
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink nothing but dew.
Oh, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores which it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim — again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'T is like quaffing a goblet of morning light!
So, water, I will drink nothing but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When over the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing Hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,
Oh! cheerily then my voice is heard
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matin loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold, gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
And my dreams are of Heaven the livelong night.
So hurrah for thee, water! hurrah! hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star:
Hurrah for bright water! hurrah! hurrah!

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

THOUGH many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurl'd,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there
Like a rainbow adorning the world—
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they 're linked in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of starlight abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung
As they clung to the promise of God;
By the bayonet traced in the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won—
Oh! perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto of "Many in One."

'Mid the smoke of the conflict, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft it has gathered renown!
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
Where the cross and the lion went down;
And though few were their lights in the gloom of that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And they stopped not to number the foe.

From where our green mountain-tops blend with the sky,
And the giant St. Lawrence is rolled,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some prophet of old,
They conquered, and, dying, bequeathed to our care
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "Many in One."

We are many in one, while there glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above,
And tyrants shall quail, 'mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of love.
It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of the storm —
Over tempest, and battle, and wreck —
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppress'd of the earth to that standard shall fly,
Wherever its folds shall be spread,
And the exile shall feel 't is his own native sky,
Where its stars shall wave over his head;
And those stars shall increase till the fulness of time
Its millions of cycles have run —
Till the world shall have welcomed their mission sublime,
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Allegheny may tower to heaven,
And the Father of Waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Then, oh! let them glow on each helmet and brand,
Though our blood like our rivers should run;
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are ONE.

Then up with our flag! — let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike — they had souls that could dare —
And their sons were not born to be slaves.

Up, up with that banner! — where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

The noble voluntary death of the Switzer, Winkelried, is accurately described in the following verses. In the battle of Shempach, in the fourteenth century, this martyr-patriot, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, opened, by this means, a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms, and won the victory.

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried—
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland,
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field—
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him — Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed among them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,

While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free —
Thus death made way for liberty!

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It *is* broken down; and it *has been* broken down, for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world — of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as to escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature — it is impiety to Heaven — it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat — toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

Laborare est orare — To labor is to pray.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'T is the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow!
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow!
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease, then, nor Order, Imperfection name —
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit; — in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear —
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: Whatever is, is right.

AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORLD.

WHAT, it is asked, has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government — uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity — such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated, in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No, land of liberty! — thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What, though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers — yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations. Land of refuge — land of benedictions! — those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

OUR DUTY TO OUR COUNTRY.

THE Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece,

"The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,"

where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the gods — where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun — where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold; but the people offered the tribute-money.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning — simple, hardy, intelligent,

accustomed to self-government, and to self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created? Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North; and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is: They were, but they are not? Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it, Heaven!

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man; and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.
Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.
The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed — but his delights are fled;
Had friends — his friends are now no more;
And foes — his foes are dead.
He loved — but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! — but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.
The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew:
The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this — There lived a man!

THE SHIP OF STATE.

BREAK up the Union of these States, because there are acknowledged evils in our system? Is it so easy a matter, then, to make every thing in the actual world conform exactly to the ideal pattern we have conceived, in our minds, of absolute right? Suppose the fatal blow were struck, and the bonds which fasten together these States were severed, would the evils and mischiefs that would be experienced by those who are actually members of this vast Republican Community be all that would ensue? Certainly not. We are connected with the several nations and races of the world as no other people has ever been connected. We

have opened our doors, and invited emigration to our soil from all lands. Our invitation has been accepted. Thousands have come at our bidding. Thousands more are on the way. Other thousands still are standing a-tiptoe on the shores of the Old World, eager to find a passage to the land where bread may be had for labor, and where man is treated as man. In our political family almost all nations are represented. The several varieties of the race are here subjected to a social fusion, out of which Providence designs to form a "new man."

We are in this way teaching the world a great lesson — namely, that men of different languages, habits, manners, and creeds, can live together, and vote together, and, if not pray and worship together, yet in near vicinity, and do all in peace, and be, for certain purposes at least, one people. And is not this lesson of some value to the world, especially if we can teach it, not by theory merely, but through a successful example? Has not this lesson, thus conveyed, some connection with the world's progress toward that far-off period to which the human mind looks for the fulfilment of its vision of a perfect social state? It may safely be asserted that this Union could not be dissolved without disarranging and convulsing every part of the globe. Not in the indulgence of a vain confidence did our fathers build the Ship of State, and launch it upon the waters. We will exclaim, in the noble words of one of our poets:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest-roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!"

THE PRESS.

GOD said — "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away:
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried — "'T is day! 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thunderous cloud that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And, blushing, murmured — "Light."

Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon:
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Poured forth her pensive rays.

Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the immortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the mind of man!
By the swart artisan!
We will aspire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

By all we hope of Heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven!

Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this blessed hour—
The night of mind—is gone!

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless.
O pallid want! O labor stark!
Behold! we bring the second ark!
The Press, the Press, the Press!

A DEFENCE OF POETRY.

BELIEVE not those who tell you that Poetry will seduce the youthful mind from severe occupations. Didactic Poetry not only admits, but requires, the co-operation of Philosophy and Science. And true Poetry must be always reverent. Would not an universal cloud settle upon all the beauties of Creation, if it were supposed that they had not emanated from Almighty energy? In works of art, we are not content with the accuracy of feature, and the glow of coloring, until we have traced them to the mind that guided the chisel, and gave the pencil its delicacies and its animation. Nor can we look with delight on the features of Nature, without hailing the celestial Intelligence that gave them birth. The Deity is too sublime for Poetry to doubt His existence. Creation has too much of the Divinity insinuated into her beauties to allow Poetry to hesitate in her creed. She demands no proof. She waits for no demonstration. She looks, and she believes. She admires, and she adores. Nor is it alone with natural religion that she maintains this intimate connection; for what is the Christian's hope, but Poetry in her purest and most ethereal essence?

From the beginning she was one of the ministering spirits that stand round the throne of God, to issue forth at His word, and do His errands upon the earth. Sometimes she has been the herald of an offending nation's downfall. Often has she been sent commissioned to offending man, with prophecy and warning upon her lips. At other times she has been intrusted with "glad

tidings of great joy." Poetry was the anticipating apostle, the prophetic evangelist, whose feet "were beautiful upon the mountains;" who published salvation; who said unto Zion, "Thy God reigneth!"

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly — any dear friend of Cæsar's — to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition! Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'T was autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.
"Stay, stay with us — rest; thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay —
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.

KING of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak —
The sovereign people ought to demand justice.
I lead them here against the Lord's anointed,
Because his ministers have made him odious!
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.

Why do ye carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a king they hate;
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest peasant,
Distressing us to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?
You sit at ease in your gay palaces:
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce sheltered from the cold night-wind,
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of age!
The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes;
Where is the benefit — what good reap we
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boots to us your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight — you profit at your ease;
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of heaven, your own? — prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which nature offers? King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble — mark me, King of England!

BATTLE HYMN.

FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father! sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round the struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 't was that no cloud might lower
On my young fame! Oh, hear! God of eternal power!

Now for the fight! Now for the cannon-peal!
Forward — through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!
They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!
On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel;
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:
Earth cries for blood! In thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, was born at Arpinum, 106 B. C., two hundred and sixteen years after the death of Demosthenes. Having taken part against Antony, after the assassination of Cæsar, Cicero was proscribed. He was murdered by a party of soldiers, headed by Popilius Lænas, whose life he had formerly saved by his eloquence; and his head and hands were publicly exhibited on the rostrum at Rome. He perished in his sixty-fourth year, 43 B. C. His writings are voluminous. As an orator, Cicero ranks next to Demosthenes: and his orations against Catiline and Verres are masterpieces of denunciatory eloquence.

HOW far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience. How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed? — that thy wretched conspir-

acy is laid bare to every man's knowledge here in the Senate? — that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; — the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council — takes part in our deliberations — and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the state, if we but shun this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless because forbearing. We have a decree — though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard — a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late than any man too cruelly. But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. Then will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason — the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state than thou in plotting its destruction!

ROBESPIERRE'S LAST SPEECH.

The day after this speech—delivered July 28th, 1794, and addressed to an assembly bent on his destruction—Robespierre was executed, at the early age of thirty-five, under circumstanc s of accumulated horror. His fate is a warning to rulers who would cement even the best of governments with blood. Robespierre's character is still an enigma; some regarding him as an honest fanatic, and others as a crafty demagogue. Perhaps the traits of either predominated at times. "Destitute," says Lamartine, "of exterior graces, and of that gift of extemporaneous speaking which pours forth the unpremeditated inspirations of natural eloquence, Robespierre had taken so much pains with himself—he had meditated so much, written and erased so much—he had so often braved the inattention and the sarcasms of his audiences—that, in the end, he succeeded in giving warmth and suppleness to his style, and in transforming his whole person, despite his stiff and meagre figure, his shrill voice, and abrupt gesticulation, into an engine of eloquence, of conviction, and of passion."

THE enemies of the republic call me tyrant! Were I such, they would grovel at my feet. I should gorge them with gold—I should grant them impunity for their crimes—and they would be grateful. Were I such, the kings we have vanquished, far from denouncing Robespierre, would lend me their guilty support. There would be a covenant between them and me. Tyranny must have tools. But the enemies of tyranny—whither does their path tend? To the tomb, and to immortality! What tyrant is my protector? To what faction do I belong? Yourselves! What faction, since the beginning of the Revolution, has crushed and annihilated so many detected traitors? You—the people—our principles—are that faction! A faction to which I am devoted, and against which all the scoundrelism of the day is banded!

The confirmation of the republic has been my object; and I know that the republic can be established only on the eternal basis of morality. Against me, and against those who hold kindred principles, the league is formed. My life? oh! my life, I abandon without a regret! I have seen the past; and I foresee the future. What friend of his country would wish to survive the moment when he could no longer serve it—when he could no longer defend innocence against oppression? Wherefore should I continue in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth; where justice is mocked; where passions the most abject, or fears the most absurd, override the sacred interests of humanity? In witnessing the multitude of vices which the torrent of the Revolution has rolled in turbid communion with its civic virtues, I confess that I have sometimes feared that I

should be sullied in the eyes of posterity, by the impure neighborhood of unprincipled men, who had thrust themselves into association with the sincere friends of humanity; and I rejoice that these conspirators against my country have now, by their reckless rage, traced deep the line of demarcation between themselves and all true men.

Question history, and learn how all the defenders of liberty, in all times, have been overwhelmed by calumny. But their traducers died also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. O Frenchmen! O my countrymen! let not your enemies, with their desolating doctrines, degrade your souls, and enervate your virtues! No, Chaumette, no! Death is not "an eternal sleep!" Citizens! efface from the tomb that motto, graven by sacrilegious hands, which spreads over all nature a funeral crape, takes from oppressed innocence its support, and affronts the beneficent dispensation of death! Inscribe rather thereon these words: "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible testament, which I proclaim with the independence befitting one whose career is so nearly ended; it is the awful truth — "Thou shalt die!"

LORD CHATHAM'S SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF AMERICA.

In regard to this speech, we find in the diary of Josiah Quincy, Jr., the following memorandum: "Attended the debates in the House of Lords. Good fortune gave me one of the best places for hearing. Lord Chatham rose like Marcellus. His language, voice, and gesture were more pathetic than I ever saw or heard before, at the Bar or Senate. He seemed like an old Roman senator, rising with the dignity of age, yet speaking with the fire of youth." Dr. Franklin, who was also present at the debate, said of this speech that "he had seen, in the course of his life, sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in the present instance, he saw both united, and both, as he thought, in the highest degree possible."

AMERICA, my Lords, cannot be reconciled to this country — she ought not to be reconciled — till the troops of Britain are withdrawn. How can America trust you, with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? I therefore move that an address be presented to his Majesty, advising that immediate orders be despatched to General Gage, for removing his Majesty's forces from the town

of Boston. The way must be immediately opened for reconciliation. It will soon be too late. An hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert, for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will pursue it to the end. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded Ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger.

I contend not for indulgence, but for justice, to America. What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive acts against a loyal, respectable people? They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. Representation and taxation must go together; they are inseparable. I therefore urge and conjure your lordships immediately to adopt this conciliating measure. If illegal violences have been, as it is said, committed in America, prepare the way — open the door of possibility — for acknowledgment and satisfaction; but proceed not to such coercion — such proscription: cease your indiscriminate inflictions; amerce not thirty thousand; oppress not three millions; irritate them not to unappeasable rancor, for the fault of forty or fifty. Such severity of injustice must forever render incurable the wounds you have inflicted. What though you march from town to town, from province to province? What though you enforce a temporary and local submission; — how shall you secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you in your progress? — how grasp the dominion of eighteen hundred miles of continent, populous in numbers, strong in valor, liberty, and the means of resistance?

The spirit which now resists your taxation in America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship-money, in England; — the same spirit which called all England on its legs, and, by the Bill of Rights, vindicated the English Constitution; — the same spirit which established the great fundamental essential maxim of your liberties, *that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent.* This glorious Whig spirit animates three millions in America, who prefer poverty, with liberty, to gilded chains and sordid affluence; and who will die in defence of their rights as men, as freemen. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every Whig in England? "'T is liberty to liberty

engaged," that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. In this great cause they are immovably allied: it is the alliance of God and nature — immutable, eternal — fixed as the firmament of heaven.

CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? — so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful front, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark; substantial black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought —
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy —
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise
Thou owest; not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and silent ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake,
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou, first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink —
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake! oh, wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jaggèd rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded — and the silence came —
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"
Ye ice-falls! ye, that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer: and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice,
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder, "God!"
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise.

Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast —
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That — as I raise my head, a while bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears —
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me — rise, oh, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou, kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
"Earth with her thousand voices, praises God."

WEBSTER'S PLEA FOR DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

THE Supreme Court of the United States held its session that winter in a mean apartment of moderate size — the Capitol not having been built after its destruction in 1814. The audience, when the case came on, was therefore small, consisting chiefly of legal men, the *élite* of the profession throughout the country. Mr. Webster entered upon his argument in the calm tone of easy and dignified conversation. His matter was so completely at his command that he scarcely looked at his brief, but went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous, and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood, and yet approaching so nearly to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man of his audience without the slightest effort or weariness on either side. It was hardly eloquence, in the strict sense of the term; it was pure reason. Now and then, for a sentence or two, his eye flashed and his voice swelled into a bolder note, as he uttered some emphatic thought; but he instantly fell back into the tone of earnest conversation, which ran throughout the great body of his speech.

The argument ended. Mr. Webster stood for some moments

silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief Justice, Marshall, he proceeded thus:

"*This, sir, is my case!* It is the case, not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in our land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout the country — of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the question is simply this: Shall our State legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they, in their discretion, shall see fit?

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution; — it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land!

"It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet, *there are those who love it*——"

Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the trials and privations through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears.

The court-room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief-Justice Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure, bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheek expanded with emotion, and eyes suffused with tears. Mr. Justice Washington at his side — with

his small and emaciated frame, and countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any other human being — leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, toward a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench to catch each look and every movement of the speaker's face. If a painter could give us the scene on canvas — those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he then stood in the midst — it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the *pathetic* depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child.

Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his keen eye on the Chief Justice, said in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience:

"Sir, I know not how others feel, (glancing at the opponents of the college before him,) but, for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab upon stab, I would not, for my right hand, have her turn to me, and say, *Et tu quoque, mi fili!* And thou, too, my son!"

He sat down. There was a deathlike stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thought and feeling.

TRIBUTE TO WEBSTER.

THEY say he was ambitious! Yes, as Ames said of Hamilton, "There is no doubt that he desired glory; and that, feeling his own force, he longed to deck his brow with the wreath of immortality." But I believe he would have yielded his arm, his frame to be burned, before he would have sought to grasp the highest prize of earth by any means, by any organization, by any

tactics, by any speech, which in the least degree endangered the harmony of the system.

They say, too, he loved New England! He did love New Hampshire — that old granite world — the crystal hills, gray and cloud-topped; the river, whose murmur lulled his cradle; the old hearthstone; the grave of father and mother. He loved Massachusetts, which adopted and honored him — that sounding seashore, that charmed elm-tree seat, that reclaimed farm, that choice herd, that smell of earth, that dear library, those dearer friends; but the "sphere of his duties was his true country." Dearly he loved you, for he was grateful for the open arms with which you welcomed the stranger, and sent him onward and upward.

But when the crisis came, and the winds were let loose, and that sea of March "wrought and was tempestuous," then you saw that he knew even you only as you were, American citizens; then you saw him rise to the true nature and stature of American citizenship; then you read on his brow only what he thought of the whole republic; then you saw him fold the robes of his habitual patriotism around him, and counsel for all — for all.

So, then, he served you — "to be pleased with his service was your affair, not his."

And now what would he do, what would he be, if he were here to-day? I do not presume to know. But what a loss we have in him!

I have read that in some hard battle, when the tide was running against him, and his ranks were breaking, some one in the agony of a need of generalship exclaimed, "Oh, for an hour of Dundee!" So say I, Oh, for an hour of Webster now! Oh, for one more roll of that thunder inimitable! One more peal of that clarion! One more grave and bold counsel of moderation! One more throb of American feeling! One more Farewell Address! And then might he ascend unhindered to the bosom of his Father and his God.

WASHINGTON.

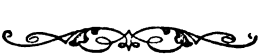
IT matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country appropriate him. The boon of Providence to

the human race — his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! How bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances, no doubt there were — splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created! Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism.



WASHINGTON TO THE PRESENT GENERATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: — What contemplations are awakened in our minds, as we assemble here to re-enact a scene like that performed by Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me, as presented in the glorious statue by Houdon, now in the capital of Virginia. He is dignified and grave; but his concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half-disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. We perceive that mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, fellow-citizens, if this vision were a reality — if Washington actually were now among us — and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own days — patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen — and were to address us, in their presence, would he not say to us: "Ye men of this generation, I rejoice, and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices were not in vain. You are prosperous — you are happy — you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all succeeding generations honor you as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty

Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity."

Great father of your country! we heed your words; we feel their force as if you uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us; your affectionate addresses teach us; your public life teaches us your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor as well as our happiness is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but, until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California.

LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the waves and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If thy friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to the eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,

"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever to bloom.

And oh! when Death comes in his terror to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," — and depart.

THE REMOVAL.

A NERVOUS old gentleman, tired of trade—
By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made—
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy, and pull down.

This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate;
But, alas! when he entered he found it too late;
For in each dwelt a smith; — a more hard-working two
Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils, at work,
Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk.
"These fellows," he cried, "such a clattering keep,
That I never can get above eight hours of sleep."

From morning till night they keep thumping away —
No sound but the anvil the whole of the day;
His afternoon's nap and his daughter's new song
Were banished and spoiled by their hammers' ding-dong.

He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop;
But, no! they were stubborn, determined to stop;
At length, (both his spirits and health to improve,)
He cried, "I'll give each fifty guineas to move."

"Agreed!" said the pair; "that will make us amends."
"Then come to my house, and let us part friends;
You shall dine; and we'll drink on this joyful occasion,
That each may live long in his new habitation."

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale;
He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale;
So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
Would take from him noise, and restore him to rest.

"And now," said he, "tell me, where mean you to move?
I hope to some spot where your trade will improve."
"Why, sir," replied one, with a grin on his phiz,
"Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!"

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

The scene, in Croly's tragedy of "Catiline," from which the following is taken, represents the Roman Senate in session, lictors present, a consul in the chair, and Cicero on the floor as the prosecutor of Catiline and his fellow-conspirators. Catiline enters, and takes his seat on the senatorial bench, whereupon the senators go over to the other side. Cicero repeats his charges in Catiline's presence; and the latter rises and replies, "Conscript fathers, I do not rise," etc. Cicero, in his rejoinder, produces proofs, and exclaims:

"Tried and convicted traitor! Go from Rome!"

Catiline haughtily tells the Senate to make the murder as they make the law. Cicero directs an officer to give up the record of Catiline's banishment. Catiline then utters those words: "Banished from Rome," etc.; but when he tells the consul

"He dares not touch a hair of Catiline,"

the consul reads the decree of his banishment, and orders the lictors to drive the "traitor" from the temple. Catiline, furious at being thus baffled, catches at the word "traitor," and terminates the scene with his audacious denunciation, "Here I devote your Senate," etc. At the close, he rushes through the portal, as the lictors and senators crowd upon him.

CONSCRIPT fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 't is not my trade;
But here I stand for right — let him show proofs —
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false; — I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,

Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me — turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
[*Looking round him.*
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!

Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones;
[*To the Senate.*
Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law!

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but I return. This — trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus! — all shames and crimes:
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till anarchy comes down on you like night,
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake — rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well;
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! [*To the lictors.*

I will return.

TRUTH AND HONOR.

IF wealth thou art wooing, or title and fame,
There is that in the doing brings honor or shame;
There is more in the running than winning the race;
This marks thee as worthy, that brands thee as base.
Oh, then, be a man, and whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honor thy guide!

If a king, be thy kingship right royally shown,
And trust to thy subjects to shelter thy throne;
Rely not on weapons or armies of might,
But on that which endureth — laws loving and right;
Though a king, be a man, and whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honor thy guide.

If a prince, or a noble, depend not on on blood —
The heart truly noble is that which is good;
If the stain of dishonor encrimson thy brow,
Thou art slave to the peasant that sweats at the plough.
Be noble as men; and whatever betide,
Keep truth your companion, and honor your guide.

If a lover, be constant, confiding, and kind,
For doubting is death to the sensitive mind;

Love's exquisite passion a breath may destroy—
Who soweth in faith expects harvests of joy.
In loving, be men, and whatever betide,
Keep truth your companion, and honor your guide.

If a parent, be firm, yet forgiving and true;
If a child, honor him to whom honor is due;
If rich, or if poor, or whatever thou be,
Remember the truthful alone are the free.
Be ever a man, and whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honor thy guide.

Then, though sickness may come and misfortune may fall,
The trust in thy bosom surviveth them all;
Truth — Honor — Love — Friendship, no tempest can pale:
They 're flowers breathing balm in adversity's gale.
Oh, the manlike is godlike, and so shall betide,
While truth 's thy companion, and honor thy guide.

THE POLISH BOY.

WHENCE come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple, where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led?

The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,

And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that 's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
  Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
  No thrilling fingers seek its clasp;
It is the hand of her whose cry
  Ran wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
  Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow,
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street!
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep; —
The gate is burst! a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain!

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted, with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild,
To perish, if 't will save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
"One moment!" shrieked the mother; "one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!" and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there.
Her cross of blazing rubies, last
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store;—
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit fierce and bold!
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can!
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow—
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now—

My noble mother on her knee
Has done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood!
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery!
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won!
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss,
One last embrace, one blessing — one!
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son!
What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
—— Great God! I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee — and thus — to die!"
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom — dead!

THE VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring — not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves, that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too;
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf —
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And, laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

THE BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old and hoary;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing:
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered — "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer — "No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded — "No."

Tell me, my secret soul — oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered — "YES, IN HEAVEN."

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow—
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze at eve
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;—
Pray! Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Warrior, that, from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

OLD TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear:
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his heart's desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest-tree;
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, and hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—

That the land was fed with the blood they shed,
  And their lust for carnage blind;
And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
  Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for man, whose joy
  Is to slay his fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
  Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
  And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
  And a bright, courageous eye,
And he bared his strong arm for the work,
  While the quick flames mounted high;
And he said, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
  And the fire-sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"
  And he fashioned the first ploughshare!

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
  In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,
  And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
  Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
  To him our prize shall be!
But when oppression lifts its hand,
  Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
  We 'll not forget the sword!"

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
  With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,

And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light
And loveliness and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing as if life
Were a new thing to them; but music came
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt
That pang of the unreasonable heart,
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,
Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and fearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes as it had been flame.

Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face, until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and high his brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step

Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as if it were a pestilence.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand,
In silent blessing, on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
Oh, no! by all her loveliness — by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her cheek the rose
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness — yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once — it boots not how —
By wrong or silence — anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness —
And there is not a feeling out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow —
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed
As if it were a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had read
The dark look of his mother, and the seed
Of a stern nature had been breathed upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay

On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.

She laid him down beneath the sultry sky—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and blood-shot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.

She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned:

"God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

"I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or wiling the soft hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh, no! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,

How prayed I that my father's land might be
An heritage for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee!
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And, oh! my last caress
Must feel thee cold; for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem!

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul!

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act — act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

THE LORD, THE KING OF GLORY.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
  The world and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully,

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek Him—
That seek thy face, O Jacob! Selah.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is the King of glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty,
The Lord, mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is the King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

CHARITY.

Without charity, all gifts are as nothing.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And, though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and, though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And, though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not: charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part,

and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels; praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also established them forever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps: fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl; kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth; both young men, and maidens; old men, and children; let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

OMNIPOTENCE OF JEHOVAH.

Translated by Rev. G. R. Noyes.

THEN spake Jehovah to Job out of the whirlwind, and said:
Who is this that darkeneth my counsels by words without knowledge?
Gird up thy loins like a man!
I will ask thee, and answer thou me!
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, since thou hast such knowledge!
Who fixed its dimensions? since thou knowest!
Or who stretched out the line upon it?
Upon what were its foundations fixed?
And who laid its corner-stone,
When the morning-stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Hast thou penetrated to the springs of the sea,
And walked through the recesses of the deep?
Have the gates of death been disclosed to thee,
And hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of death?
Hast thou surveyed the breadth of the earth?
Declare, since thou knowest it all!
Where is the way by which light is distributed,
And the east wind let loose upon the earth?
Who hath prepared channels for the rain,
And a path for the glittering thunderbolt;
To give rain to the land without an inhabitant;
To the wilderness, where is no man;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground,
And cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades,
Or loosen the bands of Orion?
Canst thou lead forth Mazzaroth in its season,
Or guide Arcturus with his sons?
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?
Hast thou appointed their dominion over the earth?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
So that abundance of waters will cover thee?

Canst thou send forth lightnings, so that they will go,
And say to thee, "Here we are"?
Who hath imparted understanding to thy reins,
And given intelligence to thy mind?
Who numbereth the clouds in wisdom?

Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Hast thou taught him to bound like the locust?
How majestic his snorting! how terrible!
He paweth in the valley; he exulteth in his strength,
And rusheth into the midst of arms.
He laugheth at fear; he trembleth not,
And turneth not back from the sword.
Against him rattleth the quiver,
The flaming spear, and the lance.
With rage and fury he devoureth the ground,
He standeth not still when the trumpet soundeth.
He saith among the trumpets, Aha! aha!
And snuffeth the battle afar off;
The thunder of the captains, and the war-shout.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

OH! show me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st — "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy song of praise,
And, lo! no form is near:
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who is God, and where His glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above;
The glittering vault admire.
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?

Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?
There view immensity! behold! my God is there;
The sun, the moon, the stars His majesty declare.

See where the mountains rise;
Where thundering torrents foam;
Where, veiled in towering skies,
The eagle makes his home;
Where savage Nature dwells,
My God is present too;
Through all her wildest dells
His footsteps I pursue;
He reared those giant cliffs, supplies that dashing stream,
Provides the daily food which stills the wild bird's scream.

Look on that world of waves,
Where finny nations glide;
Within whose deep, dark caves
The ocean-monsters hide:
His power is sovereign there,
To raise, to quell the storm;
The depths his bounties share,
Where sport the scaly swarm:
Tempest and calms obey the same almighty voice
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids far worlds rejoice.

No human thought can soar
Beyond her boundless might;
He swells the thunder's roar,
He spreads the wings of night.
Oh, praise his works divine!
Bow down thy soul in prayer;
Nor ask for other sign
That God is everywhere:
The viewless Spirit, He! — immortal, holy, blest:
Oh, worship Him in faith, and find eternal rest!

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On the stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depth of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band,
Why have they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;

There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus, afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

THE BELL OF LIBERTY.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State-House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the doorkeeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and, clapping his hands, shouted:—"*Ring!* RING! RING!"

THERE was a tumult in the city,*
In the quaint old Quakers' town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

* Philadelphia.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life 's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled—
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!

How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And, from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old State-House bell is silent,
Hush'd is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awaken'd
Still is living — ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

THE UNION.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" — WEBSTER.

THE Union! The Union! The hope of the free!
Howsoe'er we may differ, in this we agree:
Our glorious banner no traitor shall mar
By effacing a stripe, or destroying a star!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! 'T was purchased with blood!
Side by side, to secure it, our forefathers stood:
From the North to the South, through the length of the land,
Ran the war-cry which summon'd that patriot band!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! At Lexington first,
Through the clouds of oppression, its radiance burst:
But at Yorktown roll'd back the last vapory crest,
And, a bright constellation, it blazed in the West!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! Its heavenly light
Cheers the hearts of the nations who grope in the night—
And, athwart the wide ocean, falls, gilding the tides,
A path to the country where Freedom abides!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! In God we repose!
We confide in the Power that vanquish'd our foes!
The God of our fathers—oh, still may He be
The strength of the Union, the hope of the free!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

LINCOLN AT SPRINGFIELD.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

THERE stood a man in the West Countrie,
Slender and tall, and gaunt was he;
His form was not cast in a courtier's mould,
But his eye was bright, and his bearing bold.
A crowd had gather'd to hear him speak,
And the blood surged up in his sunburn'd cheek;
Familiar with toil was his outstretch'd hand,
For a man of the people was he,
Who had learn'd to obey ere call'd to command:
Such men are the pride of the West Countrie.

"My friends—elected by your choice,
From the long-cherish'd home I go,
Endear'd by heaven-permitted joys,
Sacred by heaven-permitted woe.
I go, to take the helm of state,
While loud the waves of faction roar,
And by His aid, supremely great,
Upon whose will all tempests wait,
I hope to steer the bark to shore.

Not since the days when Washington
To battle led our patriots on,
Have clouds so dark above us met,
Have dangers dire so close beset.

"And he had never saved the land
By deeds in human wisdom plann'd,
But that with Christian faith he sought
Guidance and blessing where he ought.
Like him, I seek for aid divine—
His faith, his hope, his trust, are mine.
Pray for me, friends, that God may make
My judgment clear, my duty plain;
For if the Lord no wardship take,
The watchmen mount the towers in vain."

He ceased; and many a manly breast
Panted with strong emotion's swell,
And many a lip the sob suppress'd,
And tears from manly eyelids fell.
And hats came off, and heads were bow'd,
As Lincoln slowly moved away;
And then, heart-spoken, from the crowd,
In accents earnest, clear, and loud,
Came one brief sentence: "We will pray!"

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;

To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,

While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!—
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'T is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

An Invocation to the New Year.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

OLD.

BY the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown—
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool"—
Its grave import still my fancy ladens—
"Here's a fool!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play—
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted—
I remember well, too well, that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay,
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell;
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell:
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told;
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow:
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted,
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock, where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah! that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house! — it is still the same!
There's the very step I so oft mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game;
Old stone school-house! — it is still the same!

"In the cottage, yonder, I was born;
Long my happy home — that humble dwelling:
There are the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb,
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing nought but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb!

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain,
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing,
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But, alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table;
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing! — all I loved are fled!
Yon green meadow was our place for playing:
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it Jane and I were straying:
She is dead!
I am fleeing! — all I loved are fled!

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory,
There on high!
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,
Sire and sisters, and my little brother;
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod!

"There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways—
Bless the holy lesson! but, ah! never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices—silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways!

"There my Mary blessed me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land;
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing;
Broken band!
There my Mary blessed me with her hand!

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told:"
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!"

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him, sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing,
Poor, unknown—
By the wayside, on a mossy stone!

DIES IRÆ.

Translated by General Dix.

That day, a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!—ZEPHANIAH i. 15, 16.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written volume's pages
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,
By thy saving grace defend us!
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, thou hast sought me;
By thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, oh! give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

Give me, when thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, oh, save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition!

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun —

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves —
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;

And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave;

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — most wondrous thought! —
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace —
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

TOM BROWN'S VISIT TO THE TOMB OF DR. ARNOLD.

THERE was no flag flying on the round tower; the school-house windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honored, was lying cold and still under the chapel-floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people: let those who would, worship the rising star; he at least would be faithful to the sun which had set. And so he got up, and walked to the chapel-door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his own selfish sorrow.

He passed through the vestibule, and then paused for a moment

to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth-form boy, and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain and carrying him about whither they would; while beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then leaning forward with his head on his hands, groaned aloud. If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes; have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and reverenced him, and would, by God's help, follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away forever without knowing it all, was too much to bear. "But am I sure that he does not know it all?" — the thought made him start — "May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow: as I should wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?"

He raised himself up and looked around; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how when a little boy he used to try not to look through it at the elm-trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came. And the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling.

And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows; and form after form of boys, nobler and braver and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling, they who had honored

and loved from the first the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father? Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar, and, while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

Here let us leave him — where better could we leave him than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood — at the grave, beneath the altar, of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond?

And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls who must win their way, through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers and sisters and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers and brothers and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fulness.

GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all — supporting — ruling o'er —
Being whom we call God — and know no more!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
  Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hath bound,
  And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
  So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
  Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
  Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command
  All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
  A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
  Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
  All this magnificence in thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
  And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
  In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
  Against thy greatness, is cipher brought
  Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! but the effluence of thy light divine,
  Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
  As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
  Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
I live and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
  Even to the throne of thy divinity.
  I am, O God! and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

Oh, thoughts ineffable! oh, visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy hallowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence — being wise and good!
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was his fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran — that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

EVANGELINE.

THUS on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the alms-house.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty,

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their Church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

"Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

I SAW the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedeck'd in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay:

And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm to the skies!
There had whisper'd a voice — 't was the voice of her God,
"I love thee — I love thee — *pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seem'd,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey:
There had whisper'd a voice — 't was the voice of her God,
"I love thee — I love thee — *pass under the rod!*"

I saw too a father and mother who lean'd
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,

And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave,
Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care:
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'T was their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice — 't was the voice of their God,
"I love thee — I love thee — *pass under the rod!*"

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help!
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys: you say so,
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this?
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me — dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys.

THE BOYS.

"THE boys are coming home to-morrow!"
Thus our rural hostess said:
Whilst Lou and I shot flitting glances,
Full of vague, unspoken dread.

Had we hither come for quiet,
Hither fled the city's noise,
But to change it for the tumult
Of those horrid country-boys?

Waking one with wild hallooing
Early every summer day;
Shooting robins, tossing kittens,
Frightening the wrens away:

Stumbling over trailing flounces,
Thumbing volumes gold and blue;
Clamoring for sugared dainties,
Tracking earth the passage through.

These and other kindred trials
Fancied we with woful sigh:
"Those boys, those horrid boys, to-morrow!"
Sadly whispered Lou and I.

. . . . . .

I wrote those lines one happy summer;
To-day I smile to read them o'er,
Remembering how full of terror
We watched all day the opening door.

They came — "the boys!" Six feet in stature,
Graceful, easy, polished men;
I vowed to Lou, behind my knitting,
To trust no mother's words again.

For boyhood is a thing immortal
To every mother's heart and eye;
And sons are boys to her forever,
Change as they may to you and I.

To her, no line comes sharply marking
Whither or when their childhood went;
Nor when the eyeglass upward turning,
Levelled at last their downward bent.

Now by the window, still and sunny,
Warmed by the rich October glow,
The dear old lady waits and watches,
Just as she waited years ago.

For Lou and I are now her daughters —
We married "those two country-boys,"
In spite of all our sad forebodings
About their awkward ways, and noise.

Lou springs up to meet a footfall;
I list no more for coming feet:
Mother and I are waiting longer
For steps on Beulah's golden street.

But when she blesses Lou's beloved,
And seals it with a tender kiss,
I know that loving words go upward,
Words to another world than this.

Alway she speaks in gentle fashion
About "my boys" — she always will;
Though one is gray, and one has vanished
Beyond the touch of time or ill.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came — with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom;
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom;
And pearls and costly bracelets deck
Her round, white arms, and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her;
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came — o'er her mild face
A pensive shade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But that deep, holy feeling,
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of Truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre;
And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

WHERE are the mighty ones of ages past,
Who o'er the world their inspiration cast —
Whose memories stir our spirits like a blast?
Where are the dead?

Where are old empire's sinews snapped and gone?
Where is the Persian? Mede? Assyrian?
Where are the kings of Egypt? Babylon?
Where are the dead?

Where are the mighty ones of Greece? Where be
The men of Sparta and Thermopylæ?
The conquering Macedonian, where is he?
Where are the dead?

Where are Rome's founders? Where her chiefest son,
Before whose name the whole known world bowed down —
Whose conquering arm chased the retreating sun?
Where are the dead?

Where 's the bard-warrior king of Albion's state,
A pattern for earth's sons to emulate —
The truly, nobly, wisely, goodly great?
Where are the dead?

Where is Gaul's hero, who aspired to be
A second Cæsar in his mastery —
To whom earth's crowned ones trembling bent the knee?
Where are the dead?

Where is Columbia's son, her darling child,
Upon whose birth virtue and freedom smiled —
The Western star, bright, pure, and undefiled?
Where are the dead?

Where are the sons of song, the soul-inspired —
The bard of Greece, whose muse (of heaven acquired)
With admiration ages past has fired —
The classic dead?

Greater than all — an earthly sun enshrined —
Where is the king of bards? where shall we find
The Swan of Avon — monarch of the mind —
The mighty dead?

Did they all die when did their bodies die,
Like the brute dead passing forever by?
Then, wherefore was their intellect so high —
The mighty dead?

Why was it not confined to earthly sphere —
To earthly wants? If it must perish here,
Why did they languish for a bliss more dear —
The blessèd dead?

There are no dead! The forms, indeed, did die,
That cased the ethereal beings now on high:
'T is but the outward covering is thrown by:
This is the dead!

The spirits of the lost, of whom we sing,
Have perished not; they have but taken wing—
Changing an earthly for a heavenly spring:
There are the dead!

Thus is all nature perfect. Harmony
Pervades the whole, by His all-wise decree
With whom are those, to vast infinity,
We misname dead.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

THE chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore
And here his course the chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the lowland warrior said:
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,

And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, stranger, none!
And hear — to fire thy flagging zeal —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read:
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff —
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff;
Thus fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to fate, and not to me."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye —
"Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown.
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,

Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what he ne'er might see again;
Then, foot and point and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While, less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill,
Till at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand;
And, backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.
"Now, yield thee, or, by him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!
"Thy threats, thy mercy I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."

Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!

They tug, they strain!—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp:
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

THE STRENGTH OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

THE enemies of popular right and power have been pointing to the dreadful proof which is afforded in America, that an extended suffrage is a thing to be shunned as the most calamitous thing possible to a country. I will not refer to the speeches that have dealt with this question in this manner, or to the news-

papers which have so treated it. I believe now that a great many people in this country are beginning to see that those who have been misleading them for the last two or three years have been profoundly dishonest or profoundly ignorant. If I am to give my opinion upon it, I should say that that which has taken place in America within the last three years affords the most triumphant answer to charges of this kind. Let us see the Government of the United States. I might say a good deal in favor of it in the South even, but we will speak of the Free States. In the North they have a suffrage which is almost what would here be called a manhood suffrage. There are frequent elections, vote by ballot, and ten thousand, twenty thousand, and one hundred thousand persons vote at an election. Will anybody deny that the Government at Washington, as regards its own people, is the strongest government in the world at this hour? And for this simple reason: because it is based on the will, and the good will, of an instructed people. Look at its power! I am not now discussing why it is, or the cause which is developing this power; but power is the thing which men regard in these old countries, and which they ascribe mainly to European institutions; but look at the power which the United States have developed! They have brought more men into the field, they have built more ships for their navy, they have shown greater resources than any nation in Europe at this moment is capable of. Look at the order which has prevailed at their elections, at which, as you see by the papers, fifty thousand, or one hundred thousand, or two hundred and fifty thousand persons voting in a given State, with less disorder than you have seen lately in three of the smallest boroughs in England. Look at their industry. Notwithstanding this terrific struggle, their agriculture, their manufactures and commerce proceed with an uninterrupted success. They are ruled by a President, chosen, it is true, not from some worn-out royal or noble blood, but from the people, and the one whose truthfulness and spotless honor have claimed him universal praise; and now the country that has been vilified through half the organs of the press in England during the last three years, and was pointed out, too, as an example to be shunned by many of your statesmen — that country, now in mortal strife, affords a haven and a home for multitudes flying from the burdens and the neglect of the old Governments of Europe; and, when this mortal strife is over —

when peace is restored, when slavery is destroyed, when the Union is cemented afresh — for I would say, in the language of one of our own poets addressing his country,

> "The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay,
> In fearful haste, thy murdered corpse away"—

then Europe and England may learn that an instructed democracy is the surest foundation of government, and that education and freedom are the only sources of true greatness and true happiness among any people.

THE BATTLE.

HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breast that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the major along the front:
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt!

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round:
Ay, shout it forth to life or death,
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter is raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close — foes upon foes;
"Ready!" — from square to square it goes.
The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood;
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,

And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What! Francis!"—"Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell:
"I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?
Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—Look sharp to the rear!
I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell;
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms, in dying—
Victory!
Terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight!
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

HEROES AND MARTYRS.

HEROES and martyrs! they are the men of the hour. They are identified with the names that live upon the lips of millions. It is of these, more than all others, that the people talk, around their firesides and in their assemblies. It is of these that we may freely speak, even in the sanctuary. Our heroes and martyrs! a cloud of witnesses for the spirit and worth of the nation. Our heroes! named in the homes of all who have left home and occupation, comfort and kindred, and stood in the

midst of the battle; — presented to us in glorious clusters on many a deck and field. An entire discourse might be made up of instances. Our memories run backward and forward through this war, collecting files of illustrious deeds. We remember the man who covered the threatened powder with his body — the gunner who, bleeding to death, seized the lanyard, fired his cannon, and fell back dead — the gallant captain, who, when his artillerymen were killed and himself left alone, sat calmly down upon his piece, and, with revolver in hand, refusing to fly, fought to the end, and died the last man at his gun — the old Massachusetts 2d at Gettysburg, who, in the fierce fighting on the right, on the morning of the third of July, had their commanding officer killed at the head of the regiment, and five standard-bearers shot down in succession; but the colors dropped by one were grasped by another, and never touched the ground. These are instances, hastily gathered from glorious sheaves — not exceptional, but representative instances. These are the men of the hour, who illustrate the value of our country by the richest crop that has ever sprung from her soil.

But where the hero stands, there also the martyr dies. With the chorus of victory blends the dirge — mournful, and yet majestic too. The burden of that dirge, as it falls from the lips of wives and mothers, of fathers and children, is sad and tender, like the strain of David weeping for those who fell upon Gilboa. That burden is still mournful; but as it passes on and reissues from a nation's lips, it swells also into exultation and honor — that same burden — "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"

Some of us, perhaps, have read of that company whom their brave officer had so often conducted to victory, and who would never part with their dead hero's name. Still day by day, at the head of the regimental roll, it is called aloud: the generation that loved him have passed away; but their sons and their sons' sons will ever and always love the honored name. "Cornet Latour D'Auvergne" still first of the brave band is summoned; and ever and always a brave soldier steps from the ranks to reply: "Dead on the field of honor!"

"Dead on the field of honor!" This, too, is the record of thousands of unnamed men, whose influence upon other generations is associated with no personal distinction, but whose sacri-

fices will lend undying lustre to the nation's archives and richer capacity to the nation's life. And yet these martyrs are remembered by name. Go visit the mourning homes of the land — homes of wealth and plenty, some of them, but richer now by the consecration of sacrifice. Many are homes of toil and obscurity, from which the right hand of support has been taken, or the youthful prop. Poor and obscure; but these, the unknown fallen, have names, and riches of solemn, tender memory. And what heralding on palatial wall more glorious than the torn cap and soiled uniforms that hang in those homes where the dead soldier comes no more? What aristocratic legend refers to a prouder fact than that which shall often be recited in the still summer field where he labored, and by the winter fireside where his place is vacant: "He fell in the great war for Union and for Freedom!"

Sleep, sleep, in quiet grassy graves, where the symbols that ye loved so well shall cover and spread over you — by day the flowers of red, white, and blue, and by night the constellated stars — while out of those graves there grows the better harvest of the nation and of times to come!

THE UNBELIEVER.

I PITY the unbeliever — one who can gaze upon the grandeur, and glory, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition.

The unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him, mind — the god-like gift of intellect, is debased — destroyed; all is dark — a fearful chaotic labyrinth — rayless — cheerless — hopeless!

No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim

arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies —yea, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a God.

IT SNOWS.

IT snows!" cries the school-boy, "hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call:
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow:
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the invalid, "ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the traveller, "ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;

For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,
Ay, through leagues intervened he can see;
There 's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the belle, "dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes away:
Turn, turn thee to heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the widow, "O God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye 'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'T is night, and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'T is a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON CHARACTER.

THE domestic fireside is the great guardian of society against the excesses of human passions. When man, after his intercourse with the world — where, alas! he finds so much to inflame him with a feverish anxiety for wealth and distinction — retires, at evening, to the bosom of his family, he finds there a repose for his tormenting cares. He finds something to bring him back to human sympathies. The tenderness of his wife, and the caresses

of his children, introduce a new train of softer thoughts and gentler feelings. He is reminded of what constitutes the real felicity of man; and, while his heart expands itself to the influence of the simple and intimate delights of the domestic circle, the demons of avarice and ambition, if not exorcised from his breast, at least for a time relax their grasp. How deplorable would be the consequence if all these were reversed; and woman, instead of checking the violence of these passions, were to employ her blandishments and charms to add fuel to their rage! How much wider would become the empire of guilt! What a portentous and intolerable amount would be added to the sum of the crimes and miseries of the human race!

But the influence of the female character on the virtue of man is not seen merely in restraining and softening the violence of human passions. To her is mainly committed the task of pouring into the opening mind of infancy its first impressions of duty, and of stamping on its susceptible heart the first image of its God. Who will not confess the influence of a mother in forming the heart of a child? What man is there who cannot trace the origin of many of the best maxims of his life to the lips of her who gave him birth? How wide, how lasting, how sacred is that part of woman's influence! Who that thinks of it, who that ascribes any moral effect to education, who that believes that any good may be produced, or any evil prevented by it, can need any arguments to prove the importance of the character and capacity of her who gives its earliest bias to the infant mind?

Again: the Gospel reveals to us a Saviour, invested with little of that brilliant and dazzling glory with which conquest and success would array him in the eyes of proud and aspiring man; but rather as a meek and magnanimous sufferer, clothed in all the mild and passive graces, all the sympathy with human woe, all the compassion for human frailty, all the benevolent interest in human welfare, which the heart of woman is formed to love; together with all that solemn and supernatural dignity which the heart of woman is formed peculiarly to feel and to reverence. To obey the commands, and aspire to imitate the peculiar virtues of such a being, must always be more natural and easy for her than for man.

So, too, it is with that future life which the Gospel unveils, where all that is dark and doubtful in this shall be explained;

where penitence, and faith, and virtue shall be accepted; where the tear of sorrow shall be dried, the wounded bosom of bereavement be healed; where love and joy shall be unclouded and immortal. To these high and holy visions of faith, I trust that man is not always insensible; but the superior sensibility of woman, as it makes her feel more deeply the emptiness and wants of human existence here, so it makes her welcome, with more deep and ardent emotions, the glad tidings of salvation, the thought of communion with God, the hope of the purity, happiness, and peace of another and a better world.

In this peculiar susceptibility of religion in the female character, who does not discern a proof of Heaven's benignant care of the best interest of man? How wise it is that she, whose instructions and example must have so powerful an influence on the infant mind, should be formed to own and cherish the most sublime and important of truths! The vestal flame of piety, lighted up by Heaven in the breast of woman, diffuses its light and warmth over the world; and dark would be the world if it should ever be extinguished and lost.

THE BELL OF THE ATLANTIC.

The steamboat Atlantic, plying between Norwich, in Connecticut, and New York, was wrecked on an island near New London. Many of the passengers were on their way to join in the celebration of the annual Thanksgiving in New England. The bell of this boat, supported by a portion of the wreck, continued for many days and nights to toll as if in mournful requiem of the lost.

TOLL, toll, toll, thou bell by billows swung;
And, night and day, thy warning words repeat with mournful tongue!
Toll for the queenly boat, wrecked on yon rocky shore!
Sea-weed is in her palace-halls: she rides the surge no more.

Toll for the master bold, the high-souled and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life amid the crested wave!
Toll for the hardy crew, sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant ocean dared; but it vanquished them at last.

Toll for the man of God, whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan of that intense despair!

How precious were those tones on that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm, and the mountain billows' strife!

Toll for the lover lost to the summoned bridal-train!
Bright glows a picture on his breast beneath th' unfathomed main.
One from her casement gazeth long o'er the misty sea:
He cometh not, pale maiden — his heart is cold to thee.

Toll for the absent sire, who to his home drew near,
To bless a glad expecting group — fond wife and children dear!
They heap the blazing hearth; the festal board is spread;
But a fearful guest is at the gate: room for the pallid dead!

Toll for the loved and fair, the whelmed beneath the tide —
The broken harps around whose strings the dull sea-monsters glide!
Mother and nursling sweet, reft from their household throng;
There 's bitter weeping in the nest where breathed their soul of song.

Toll for the hearts that bleed 'neath misery's furrowing trace!
Toll for the hapless orphan left, the last of all his race!
Yea, with thy heaviest knell, from surge to rocky shore,
Toll for the living — not the dead, whose mortal woes are o'er!

Toll, toll, toll, o'er breeze and billow free,
And with thy startling lore instruct each rover of the sea:
Tell how o'er proudest joys may swift destruction sweep,
And bid him build his hopes on high — lone teacher of the deep.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so *He giveth His beloved sleep.* — PSALM cxxvii. 1, 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this —
"He giveth His beloved, sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse;
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved;
A little dust, to over weep;
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake?
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

O Earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold! the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His beloved, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

Ay, men may wonder when they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say — and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard —
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
  That sees through tears the mummer's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
  "Who giveth His beloved, sleep."

And friends! — dear friends! — when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
  And round my bier ye come to weep —
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall —
  He giveth His beloved, sleep."

DIRGE.

SOFTLY!
  She is lying
With her lips apart.
  Softly!
  She is dying
Of a broken heart.

  Whisper!
  She is going
To her final rest.
  Whisper!
  Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

  Gently!
  She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
  Gently!
  While you are weeping,
She to heaven has passed.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?

Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved — when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals — would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down, even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished

upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy: there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities.

The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; — then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life:

not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put me near something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small, tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the

time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor.

Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget — and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered — save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them — faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once — except to her — or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, be burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away,

that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice — rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied — the living dead, in many shapes and forms — to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it — whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window — a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some — and they were not few — knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with a pensive face, upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and

talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place: when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave; in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

LONG years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green —
The spot where, a schoolboy, all thoughtless, I stray'd,
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair —
All scatter'd! — all sunder'd by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

I thought of the green banks that circled around,
With wild flowers, and sweetbrier, and eglantine crown'd;
I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.

And I thought of the trees under which we had stray'd,
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names and the carvings impress'd on the rind.

All eager, I hasten'd the scene to behold,
Render'd sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I deem'd that, unalter'd, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore.

'T was a dream! — not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
"Like a tale that is told," they had vanish'd away.

And methought the lone river that murmur'd along
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds that had nestled and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks at the fall of the grove.

I paused — and the moral came home to my heart:
Behold how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless; our hopes but a gleam;
Our staff but a reed; and our life but a dream.

Then, oh! let us look — let our prospects allure —
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,
To glories, to blessings that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of change, and the ruins of time.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves:
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!

And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may — and die we must;
But, oh! where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now! —
Tears will unbidden start:
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear!

Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.

Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'T is past! 't is past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

WHY DOES YOUR HAIR TURN WHITE?

The following curious piece, found in an old English collection, was written in answer to the question once put to the author: "Why turns your hair white?" It is a good example of labored alliteration, that is, the style in which the same sound is made frequently to recur in the same line.

WHERE seething sighs and sorrow sobs
Hath slain the slips that nature set;
And scalding showers with stony throbs,
The kindly sap from them hath fet,*
What wonder, then, though that you see,
Upon my head, white hairs to be?

Where thought hath thrilled, and thrown his spears,
To hurt the heart that harmeth him not;
And groaning grief hath ground forth tears,
Mine eye to stain, my face to spot:
What wonder, then, though that you see,
Upon my head, white hairs to be?

Where pinching pain himself has placed,
There peace with pleasures were possessed:
And, where the walls of wealth lie waste,
And poverty in them is pressed;

* *Fetch*, or bring out. The word is obsolete.

What wonder, then, though that you see,
Upon my head, white hairs to be?

Where wretched woe will weave her web,
Where care the clue can catch, and dust;
And floods of joy are fallen to ebb,
So low, that life may not long last;
What wonder, then, though that you see,
Upon my head, white hairs to be?

These hairs of age are messengers
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That doth prepare and dress the way;
Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head, such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How far my race is yet to run:
They show my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is weak begun:
The which I feel, and you may see,
Upon my head, such lines to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical:
Their tunes declare what time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall:
Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head, such strings to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant:
That, after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy their lives well spent:
God grant likewise that you may see,
Upon your head, such hairs to be.

THE BELL AT GREENWOOD.*

A MOURNFUL office is thine, old Bell,
To ring forth nought but the last sad knell
Of the coffined worm, as he passeth by;
And thou seem'st to say, "Ye all must die!"

No joyful peal dost thou ever ring;
But ever and aye, as hither they bring
The dead to sleep 'neath the greenwood tree,
Thy sound is heard, pealing mournfully.

No glad occasion dost thou proclaim;
Thy mournful tone is ever the same—
The slow-measured peal that tells of woe,
Such as hearts that feel it, may only know.

Hadst thou the power of speech, old Bell,
Methinks strange stories thou 'dst often tell;
How some are brought here with tear and moan,
While others pass by unmourned, alone;

How strangers are hither brought to sleep,
Whose home, perhaps, was beyond the deep;
Who, seeking our shores, come but to die,
And here, in this hallowed spot, to lie;

How a wife hath followed a husband's bier—
How a husband hath followed a wife most dear—
How brother and sister have come in turn,
To shed their tears o'er a parent's urn;

How father and mother, in accents wild,
Have bewailed the loss of a darling child;
How a friend o'er a friend hath shed the tear,
As he laid him down to slumber here;

* A beautiful cemetery in Brooklyn, New York.

How the victim of sorrow's ceaseless smart
Hath given up life with a willing heart,
And thought of this spot with a smiling face,
Glad, at last, to find him a resting-place.

I wonder if thou dost ring, old Bell,
For the rich man, a louder, longer knell,
Than thou dost for the poor who enter here,
Or the humble and unpretending bier:

And dost thou ring forth a peal less sad
For the pure and the good, than for the bad?
Or dost thou toll the same knell for all—
The rich and the poor, the great and the small?

Oh, a mournful office is thine, old Bell!
To ring forth nought but the last sad knell
Of the coffined worm, as he passeth by;
And thou seem'st to say, "Ye all must die!"

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last:
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households:
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes.
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun:
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old home in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!

I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly — bow the head —
In reverent silence bow;
No passing-bell doth toll —
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With holy reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter — no crowds attend;
Enter — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting, with meagre hands,
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
  An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
  The parting groan.

Oh, change!—oh, wondrous change!
  Burst are the prison bars—
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
  Beyond the stars!

Oh, change!—stupendous change!
  There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
  Wakes with his God!

THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

ON came the whirlwind—like the last
  But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast;
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
  The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
  Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear.
And hurrying as to havoc near,
  The cohorts' eagles flew.

In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude;
Nor was one forward footstep stayed,
As dropped the dying and the dead.

Fast as their ranks the thunder tare,
Fast they renewed each serried square!
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again;
Till from the lines scarce spears'-lengths three,
Emerging from their smoke they see
Helmet and plume, and panoply—

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.
Then down went helm and lance,
Down went the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent;
And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce riders' bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host—
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

THE NATIONAL BANNER.

ALL hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast!

Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame!

Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way!

OUTWARD BOUND!

HURRAH, hurrah, how gayly we ride! How the ship careers! How she leaps! How gracefully she bends! How fair her white wings! How trim her hull! How slim her tall, taper masts! What a beautiful dancing fairy! Up from my narrow shelf in the close cabin, have I crept for the first time since we loosed cable and swung out upon the tide, and every drop of blood in my veins jostles its neighbor drop exultingly; for here is sublimity unrivalled.

The wild, shifting, restless sea, with its playful waves, chasing one another laughingly, ever and anon leaping up, shivering themselves by the force of their own mad impulse, and descending again in a shower of pearls — the soft, azure curvature of the sky, shutting down upon its outer rim, as though we were fairly

caged between blue and blue — and the ship, the gallant ship, ploughing her own path in the midst, bearing human souls upon her tremulous breast, with her white wings high in air, and her feet in the grave.

And then the tumult, the creaking of cordage, the dash of waters, and the howling of winds — "the wind and the sea roaring." I have felt my heart swell and my blood tingle in my veins, when I stood in the silent forests of Alderbrook,* and I have looked up at the solemn old trees in awe, mingled with strange delight; the awe and delight have both deepened at the blaze of the lightning and bellowing of the thunder amid the wild, echoing rocks of Astonroga; and now, in this strange uproar, they come upon my heart, and make it bound like the arrow from the bended bow.

The trees were the temples built by the Almighty for His worship, and there is something awfully beautiful in their shadows; the lightnings "go and say unto Him, here we are!" and "He shut up the sea with doors, and made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness the swaddling-band for it." And here, as I stand poised up by the wild elements, I feel myself near, very near to the only Protector who has a hand to save, and, in the hollow of that all-powerful hand, I rest in perfect security.

God, my God, I go forth at thy bidding, and, in the words of thine own inspired poet, "Thou art my buckler, the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." The sea cannot separate thee from me, the darkness of midnight cannot hide thy face, nor can the raging of the storm drown thy still small voice. My heart leaps joyfully as I trust in thee.

On, brave little wrestler with the elements! On, right gallantly! I love the bounding, the dashing, and the roaring, and my heart shall know no faltering while "my Father is at the helm." Hurrah! Gallantly ride we in this skeleton ship, while the sunlight glints gayly on white bare mast and slender spar. Gallantly ride we over wave and hollow, over foam and rainbow; now perched upon the white ridge, poising doubtfully, and trembling like a frighted steed; now plunging down, down into the measureless trough, which seems yawning to ingulf us forever.

Wildly blows the gale, more and more wildly bound the mighty

* The name given by the writer to her own rustic home.

billows, with a roaring as though all the monsters of the deep were swarming around us. But not so. Neither the wide mouth of the shark, the brown back of the porpoise, nor the spouting nostril of the whale is visible; the brilliant dolphin, in his opal jacket, has retreated to his own haunts below the storm, and the little "Portuguese man-of-war" has drawn in the pink and purple fringes of his silver sail, and rolls, like a cunning beetle, from wave to wave, as light as the bubble from which he cannot be distinguished.

Even the albatross flapped his strong pinion, and wheeled away when he saw the winds gathering dark in the heavens; the Cape pigeon lingered a little, as though caring lightly for the ruffling of his mottled plumage, and then spread his butterfly embroidered wings, and hurried after; but the stormy petrel, though small and delicate as the timid wren, (I will take a lesson from thee, busy, daring little spirit that thou art, bright velvet-winged petrel,) scorns to seek safety, but by breasting the gale.

And here he remains, carousing amid the foam, as though those liquid pearls, leaping high in air, and scattering themselves upon the wind, had a magic in them to shield him from danger. He dips his wing in the angry tide as daintily as though it were stirred but in silver ripples; then he darts upward, and then plunges and is lost in the enshrouding foam. But, no; he is again in air, whirling and balancing, wheeling and careering, up and down, as though stark mad with joyousness, and now he vaults upon the back of the nearest foam-bank, and disappears to rise again as before.

And still the billows roar and bound, and lash the sides of the trembling ship, and sweep with strange force her decks; and still we reel and plunge, down, down, down, surely. No; we are up again, leaping skyward; we pause a moment — and — what a fearful pitch was that! Ah, my brain grows giddy, but still I cannot hide myself in my dark cabin. Thank God, that He has spread the land before our eyes at last, that He has shielded us, when wrath was stirring in the heavens, and darkness was upon the waters; that He has pinioned the wings of the wind, and said to the waves: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!"

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

THE huge rough stones from out the mine,
Unsightly and unfair,
Have veins of purest metal hid
Beneath the surface there.
Few rocks so bare but to their heights
Some tiny moss-plant clings;
And round the peaks so desolate,
The sea-bird sits and sings.
Believe me, too, that rugged souls,
Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good—
We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth,
A far-off secret way,
Where, through the windows of the soul,
God sends His smiling ray.
In every human heart there is
A faithful, sounding chord
That may be struck, unknown to us,
By some sweet, loving word.
The wayward will in man may try
Its softer thoughts to hide—
Some unexpected tone reveals
It has an angel side.

Despised, and lone, and trodden down,
Dark with the shades of sin,
Deciphering not those halo-lights
Which God has lit within:
Groping about in endless night,
Poor, poisoned souls they are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
Nor dream of heaven afar.
Oh, that some gentle hand of love
Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that, amidst it all,
Life has its angel side!

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough,
God knows some natures are;
But He, compassionate comes near,
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruse of oil will not grow less
If shared with hearty hand;
For words of peace and looks of love
Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror,
Love is the beauteous guide,
Love, with her beaming eyes, can see
We've all our angel side.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well served, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY AFTER HIS DOWNFALL.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to —
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

WOLSEY'S ADDRESS TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And——Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

OUR HEROES SHALL LIVE.

OH, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives, and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He *was* your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous

youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before, he was yours: he *is* ours. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected: and it shall by-and-by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

LAUS DEO!

On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery.

IT is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! what are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Sound the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise,
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you,
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

Translated by John Mason Neale.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
  Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
  And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O onely Mansion!
  O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
  And smiles have no alloy,
Beside thy living waters
  All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
  The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
  Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
  Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
  With amethyst unpriced:
Thy saints build up its fabric,
  And the corner-stone is Christ.

. . . . .

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean!
  Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
  To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
  They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
  And thine the golden dower.

. . . . .

Jerusalem the golden,
  With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
  Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, oh, I know not
  What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
  What light beyond compare!

. . . . .

They stand, those halls of Sion,
  Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
  And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
  The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
  Are decked in glorious sheen.

. . . . .

Jerusalem the glorious!
  The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
  That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee,
  Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
  And strive, and pant, and yearn.

. . . . .

Exult, O dust and ashes!
  The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
  Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
  The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
  Thou shalt be, and thou art!

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not; all our way
  Is night — with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
  Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,

Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

THE LITTLE FAIR SOUL.

A LITTLE fair soul, that knew not sin,
Looked over the edge of Paradise,
And saw one striving to come in,
With fear and tumult in his eyes.

"O brother, is it you?" he cried,
"Your face is as a breath from home.
Why do you stay so long outside?
I am athirst for you to come.

"Tell me, first, how our mother fares,
And did she weep too much for me?"
"White are her cheeks and white her hairs,
But not from gentle tears for thee!"

"Tell me, where are our sisters gone?"
"Alas! I left them weary and wan!"
"And tell me, is the baby grown?"
"Alas! he will soon be a man!

"Cannot you break the gathering days,
And let the light of Death come through,
Ere his feet stumble in the maze
Crossed safely by so few, so few?

"For like a cloud upon the sea
That darkens till you find no shore,
So was the face of Life to me,
Until I sank forevermore!

"And like an army in the snow,
My days went past, a treacherous train,
Each silent when he struck his blow,
Until I lay among them slain!"

"O brother, there was a path so clear!"
"It might be, but I never sought."
"O brother, there was a sword so near!"
"It might be, but I never fought."

"Yet sweep this needless gloom aside,
For you are come to the gate at last!"
Then in despair that soul replied,
"The gate is fast! The gate is fast!"

"I cannot move the mighty weight,
I cannot find the golden key,
But hosts of heaven around us wait,
And none have ever said No to me.

"Kind saint, put by thy palm and scroll,
And come unto the door for me!"
"Rest thee still, thou little fair soul,
It is not mine to keep the key."

"Sweet angel, strike these doors apart!
That outer air is dark and cold."
"Rest thee still, thou little pure heart,
Not for my word will they unfold."

Up all the shining heights he prayed
For that poor Shadow in the cold;
Still came the word, "Not ours to aid!
We cannot make the doors unfold!"

But that poor Shadow, still outside,
Wrung all the sacred air with pain.
And all the souls went up and cried,
Where never cry was heard in vain.

No eyes beheld the pitying Face,
The answer none might understand,
But dimly through the silent space
Was seen the stretching of a hand.

THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL.

THERE are days of deepest sorrow
In the season of our life;
There are wild, despairing moments;
There are hours of mental strife.
There are hours of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;

But the waiting-time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach;
And the heart grows sick with hoping,
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall;
And the waiting-time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden, crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lay us low,
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting-time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For, perchance, a day is coming
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
That He taught us how to wait.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of wind and weather
Must be taken in together,

To make up a year,
And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel-track.
Talents differ: all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

GREEN APPLES.

PULL down the bough, Bob! Isn't this fun?
Now give it a shake, and — there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other, and see
If it is n't as mellow as mellow can be!
I know by the stripe
It must be ripe!
That's one apiece for you and me.

Green, are they? Well, no matter for that:
Sit down on the grass and we'll have a chat;
And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said last Sunday of unripe fruit:
"Life," says he,
"Is a bountiful tree,
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

"For the youth there's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Happiness, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait;
"Blessings," said he,
"Of every degree,
Ripening early, and ripening late.

"Take them in season, pluck and eat.
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;
But, oh, my friends!" Here he gave a rap
On his desk, like a regular thunder-clap,
And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

Green fruit, he said, God would not bless;
But half life's sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil and ache and crime,
Came from tasting before their time
The fruits Heaven sent.
Then on he went
To his *fourthly* and *fifthly* — was n't it prime?

But, I say, Bob! we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow, and the hang-birds bring
Home grubs, and sing
To their young ones, a-swing
In their basket-nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways;
They 're first-rate roasted before the blaze
Of a winter fire; and, oh, my eyes!
Are n't they nice, though, made into pies?
I scarce ever saw
One, cooked or raw,
That was n't good for a boy of my size!

But shake your fruit from the orchard-tree,
And the tune of the brook and the hum of the bee,
And the chipmonks chippering every minute,
And the clear sweet note of the gay little linnet,
And the grass and the flowers,
And the long summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and breeze are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why didn't we
Leave them another week on the tree?
Is yours as bitter? Give us a bite!
And the taste of it puckers
My mouth like a sucker's!
I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

THE TRIAL SCENE.

Extract from "The Merchant of Venice."

DUKE. Antonio and Shylock, both stand forth.
POR. Is your name Shylock?
SHY. Shylock is my name.
POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To* ANTONIO.
ANT. Ay, so he says.
POR. Do you confess the bond?
ANT. I do.
POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHY. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
POR. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this —
That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court:
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel villain of his will.

POR. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'T will be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

POR. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart: — Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment:
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
ANT. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.
POR. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
SHY. 'T is very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
POR. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
SHY. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: — Doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest the heart — those are the very words.
POR. It is so. Are there balances here to weigh
The flesh?
SHY. I have them ready.
POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond?
POR. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
SHY. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
POR. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
ANT. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
SHY. We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.
POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY. Most rightful judge!
POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
SHY. Most learned judge! — A sentence; come, prepare.
POR. Tarry a little; — there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
GRA. O upright judge! — Mark, Jew! — O learned judge!
SHY. Is that the law?
POR. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desirest.
GRA. O learned judge! — Mark, Jew; — a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer then — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
BASS. Here is the money.
POR. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice; — soft; — no haste; —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound — be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple — nay, if the scales do turn
But in the estimation of a hair —
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now infidel, I have thee on the hip.
POR. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.
SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.
BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
POR. He hath refused it in the open court;

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
GRA. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?
POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
SHY. Why then—
I'll stay no longer question.
POR. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
SHY. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
ANT. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That late stole his daughter.
DUKE. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
POR. Art thou contented, Jew—what dost thou say?
SHY. I am content.

I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

ALL is finished, and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;

And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts — she moves — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms.

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth, and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

KEEP it before the people!
That Earth was made for Man!
That flowers were strown,
And fruits were grown,
To bless, and never to ban—
That sun and rain,
And corn and grain,
Are yours and mine, my brother!
Free gifts from heaven,
And freely given
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people!
That man is the image of God!

His limbs or soul
Ye may not control
With shackle or shame or rod!
We may not be sold
For silver or gold,
Neither you nor I, my brother!
For Freedom was given
By God, from heaven,
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people!
That famine and crime and woe
Forever abide,
Still side by side
With luxury's dazzling show!
That Lazurus crawls
From Dives' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother!
Yet life was given
By God, from heaven,
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people!
That the poor man claims his meed—
The right of soil,
And the right of toil,
From spur and bridle freed!
The right to bear,
And the right to share,
With you and me, my brother!
Whatever is given
By God, from heaven,
To one as well as another!

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

O MOTHER, I've been with an angel to-day!
I was out, alone, in the forest at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;

So I played and I played, till, so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top:
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop!
Thus a long while I sat, looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if 'Come, O brother!' it said;
And there, right over the top of the tree,
O mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!

"And, 'Brother!' once more, 'come, O brother!' he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And mother, oh! never was being so bright
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight!
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
The eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove!
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And whispered so softly and gently to me,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

"And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses — O mother, they thrilled through my breast,
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky!
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze
That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees.
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soared!
And up, up he went, through the blue sky, so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star:
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till, lost in the azure, he passed from my sight!
Then, oh! how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
When soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'"

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart!
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom!
Oh, how his young footsteps she watched, day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!
"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest!
Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,
And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die!
Now kiss me, dear mother! oh, quickly! for see,
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast,
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed!
And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading eye,
As it strove to meet hers ere the fair boy could die.
"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight—
But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother, good-by!
The angels are ready to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there—but, oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!"
He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast,
While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest;
Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him!

LINT.

FIBRE by fibre, shred by shred,
It falls from her delicate hand
In feathery films, as soft and slow
As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow
In the lap of a summer land.

There are jewels of price in her roseate ears,
And gold round her white wrist coils;
There are costly trifles on every hand,
And gems of art from many a land,
In the chamber where she toils.

A rare bird sings in a gilded cage
At the open casement near;
A sun ray glints through a swaying bough,
And lights with a diamond radiance now
The dew of a falling tear!

A sob floats out to the summer air
With the song-bird's latest trill;
The gossamer folds of the drapery
Are waved by the swell of a long, low sigh,
And the delicate hands are still.

"Ah! beauty of earth is nought, is nought!
And a gilded youth is vain!
I have seen a sister's scarred face shine
With a youth and beauty all divine
By the soldier's couch of pain!

"I have read of another,* whose passing shade
On their pillows the mangled kissed
In the far Crimea!" There are no more tears,
But she plucks the gems from her delicate ears,
And the gold from her slender wrist.

The bird still sings in his gilded cage;
But the angel in her heart
Hath stung her soul with a noble pain;
And beauty is nought, and youth is vain,
While the patriot's wounds still smart.

Fibre by fibre, shred by shred,
Still fall from her delicate hand
The feathery films, as soft and slow

* Florence Nightingale, an English lady, who cared for her country's soldiers in the Crimean War.

As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow
In the lap of a summer land.

There are crimson stains on breasts and brows,
And fillets in ghastly coils;
The walls are lofty and white and bare,
And moaning echoes roll ever there
Through the chamber where she toils.

No glitter of gold on her slender wrist,
Nor gem in her roseate ears;
But a youth and a beauty all divine
In the face of the Christian maiden shine,
And her gems are the soldier's tears.

AN APPEAL FOR OUR COUNTRY.

The following is an extract from a discourse in commemoration of the first settlement of Salem, Massachusetts, delivered by Judge Story, September 18, 1828.

I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be — resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties — resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman — the love of your offspring: teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean upon your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave with the recollection that you have lived in

vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here, to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country.

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

HOW MOTHER DID IT.

IF we were to suggest one thing which, above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young housekeeper, it would be to learn how to cook as a husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee so and so! Mother used to have such waffles! and mother knew just how thick or how thin to make a pumpkin-pie! And, oh! if I could only taste of mother's biscuit! Such are the comments of the husband, and of too many meal-tables. It would be only a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his tea-cup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is "How mother did it." He says:

"I found fault, some time ago, with Maria Ann's custard-pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard-pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner; and you see I could not eat it, because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical; but in a fit of generosity, I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates: I did not go myself.

"Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any

one could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it myself. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening, and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and water, and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered. Yeast, yeast, to be sure; I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed.

"In the morning I got up early, and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I did n't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen, and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down, and asked me what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn while trying to turn it around.

"Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down: my cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days after one was offered to him. The hens would n't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back-yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking."

PUTTING UP STOVES.

ONE who has had considerable experience in the work of putting up stoves, says the first step to be taken is to put on a very old and ragged coat, under the impression that when he gets his mouth full of plaster it will keep his shirt-bosom clean.

Next he gets his hands inside the place where the pipe ought to go, and blacks his fingers, and then he carefully makes a black mark down one side of his nose. It is impossible to make any headway in doing this work, until this mark is made down the side of the nose. Having got his face properly marked, the victim is ready to begin the ceremony. The head of the family — who is the big goose of the sacrifice — grasps one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the other side. In this way the load is started from the wood-shed toward the parlor. Going through the door, the head of the family will carefully swing his side of the stove around, and jam his thumb-nail against the door-post. This part of the ceremony is never omitted. Having got the stove comfortably in place, the next thing is to find the legs. Two of these are left inside the stove since the spring before. The other two must be hunted after for twenty-five minutes. They are usually found under the coal. Then the head of the family holds up one side of the stove while his wife puts two of the legs in place, and next, he holds up the other side, while the other two are fixed, and one of the first two falls out. By the time the stove is on its legs he gets reckless, and takes off his old coat, regardless of his linen. Then he goes off for the pipe, and gets a cinder in his eye. It don't make any difference how well the pipe was put up last year, it will be found a little too short, or a little too long. The head of the family jams his hat over his eyes, and, taking a pipe under each arm, goes to the tin-shop to have it fixed. When he gets back he steps upon one of the best parlor-chairs to see if the pipe fits, and his wife makes him get down, for fear he will scratch the varnish off from the chair with the nails in his boot-heel. In getting down, he will surely step on the cat, and may thank his stars if it is not the baby. Then he gets an old chair, and climbs up to the chimney again, to find, that in cutting the pipe off, the end has been left too big for the hole in the chimney. So he goes to the wood-shed, and splits one side of the end of the pipe with an old axe, and squeezes it in his hands, to make it smaller. Finally he gets the pipe in shape, and finds that the stove does not stand true. Then himself and wife and the hired girl move the stove to the left, and the legs fall out again. Next it is to move to the right. More difficulty with the legs. Moved to the front a little. Elbow not even with the hole in the chimney, and he goes to the wood-

shed after some little blocks. While putting the blocks under the legs, the pipe comes out of the chimney. That remedied, the elbow keeps tipping over, to the great alarm of the wife. Head of the family gets the dinner-table out, puts the old chair on it, gets his wife to hold the chair, and balances himself on it to drive some nails into the ceiling. Drops the hammer on to his wife's head. At last gets the nails driven, makes a wire-swing to hold the pipe, hammers a little here, pulls a little there, takes a long breath, and announces the ceremony completed.

Job never put up any stoves. It would have ruined his reputation if he had.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF YOUNG MEN.

THESE are strange times,—full of peril, full of hope. In one quarter there is a blue sky and glorious sunlight, in another quarter there is a black-draped cloud, crossed and cut with red and jagged fires, and hoarse with thunders. It is such a time as this in which you should be able to combine strong individual forces with a clear individual discernment. You should never rush heedlessly into the strife, neither should you turn aside from the contest of the cause. You should learn to judge between good and evil, and then be ready to strike manfully for the right. It is indispensable that you should put yourself into a wholesome and thorough discipline in youth. You need, in the first place, to cultivate your intellectual faculties with the greatest care. It is getting to be of comparatively little importance, in all our departments of business, how a young man commences life, if he will only cultivate his faculties.

The secret of success lies in improving to the best advantage such opportunities as lie around us. It is not by changing their positions that men acquire influence. The good workman on the bench, who determines first that the article which he manufactures shall be as perfect as he can make it, and then, after the toil of the day is over, goes to work with another set of tools, beginning to inform himself, cultivating his mind, his moral facul-

ties, in the end will become more influential than the soporific person in the pulpit, or the flaunting advocate at the bar.

The time has been when general mental culture would have been impossible and useless, but by the grace of God it is so no longer. Go into the City Councils, the Legislatures, the scientific conventions; read over the laws, the sayings of popular poets and journalists, all who give tone to popular opinion and control society. Are they generally such as were born in wealth, born in institutions of honor, and bred in universities? Some inherit distinction, but the great majority of society is composed of men who have struggled against obstructions, and forced their way upward by their own strength.

But it is not merely the cultivation of mental powers with a view to high position which is necessary. The young man who cultivates his mental and moral powers thereby elevates himself to a higher circle in society.

The world is bound to find out what there is in such a man, what he is capable of doing. Consequently, the young man should develop himself, not for the sake of securing honor or titles, being elected to office, or filling high positions, but from simple regard to what is due to his own nature.

He who utters his own thoughts is the one who now awakens the echo. The opinions of most men are at the best only echoes. What we need in this generation is that each voice should have its own signification. One of the great evils of American society is popular opinion, manufactured out of very strange materials, which cannot be resisted without the risk of a social martyrdom.

We want men who feel that they are strong enough and intelligent enough to sit in judgment upon popular opinion, and if an idol be erected in the land, even though it should be seventy cubits in height, and gilded from tip to toe, and labelled with the most sacred name, they should have the courage to declare it an idol, and have the manfulness to stand by the declaration amidst the sound of the dulcimer and many-toned instruments calling upon the people to bow down and worship it. We want men who will tell the proud Nebuchadnezzar that he is only fit to eat grass with the oxen; we want men who can dare to walk quietly into the lion's den of popular wrath, rather than be disloyal to God and the truth.

Young men are wanted to face the fiery furnace seven times heated, confident that the Son of God walks with them also in the flames to shield them from harm. Young men are wanted who would bear to be poor rather than violate their conscientious convictions; who would rather be called liars than endure the defamation of their confessions of truth; who would be defamed for a time rather than lose their hold upon the generations that are coming. And such men must commence their training early; bear the yoke through their entire youth, kept under any earnest and truthful discipline, and learn to say with the divine Galilean to the wondering spectators: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

VOICES OF THE DEAD.

WE die, but leave an influence behind us that survives. The echoes of our words are evermore repeated, and reflected along the ages. It is what man was that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges; and what he did is repeated after him in ever-multiplying and never-ceasing reverberations. Every man has left behind him influences for good or for evil that will never exhaust themselves. The sphere in which he acts may be small, or it may be great. It may be his fireside, or it may be a kingdom; a village, or a great nation; it may be a parish, or broad Europe; but act he does, ceaselessly and forever. His friends, his family, his successors in office, his relatives, are all receptive of an influence, a moral influence which he has transmitted and bequeathed to mankind; either a blessing which will repeat itself in showers of benedictions, or a curse which will multiply itself in ever-accumulating evil.

Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends and designs it, or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the world; but a blank he cannot be. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings, or harvests of sorrow. Whether our influence be great or small, whether

it be for good or evil, it lasts, it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it is. The grave buries the dead dust, but the character walks the world, and distributes itself, as a benediction or a curse, among the families of mankind.

The sun sets beyond the western hills, but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell. The coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of great continents, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live and we die; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is not "buried with our bones."

The babe that perished on the bosom of its mother, like a flower that bowed its head and drooped amid the death-frosts of time — that babe, not only in its image, but in its influence, still lives and speaks in the chambers of the mother's heart.

The friend with whom we took sweet counsel is removed visibly from the outward eye; but the lessons that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered, the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized, the moral lineaments and likeness of the man, still survive, and appear in the silence of eventide, and on the tablets of memory, and in the light of morn, and noon, and dewy eve; and, being dead, he yets speaks eloquently, and in the midst of us.

Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenburg, but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakspeare, Byron, and Milton, all live in their influence, for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who all have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons that they left behind them.

"None of us liveth to himself;" others are affected by that life; "or dieth to himself;" others are interested in that death. Our queen's crown may moulder, but she who wore it will act upon the ages which are yet to come. The noble's coronet may

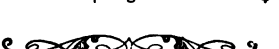
be reft in pieces, but the wearer of it is now doing what will be reflected by thousands who will be made and moulded by him. Dignity, and rank, and riches, are all corruptible and worthless; but moral character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy; that ever walks the world and leaves lasting influences behind.

What we do is transacted on a stage of which all in the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that will never cease. What we are is influencing and acting on the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act, and dead we speak; and the whole universe is the mighty company forever looking, forever listening, and all nature the tablets forever recording the words, the deeds, the thoughts, the passions of mankind!

Monuments, and columns, and statues, erected to heroes, poets, orators, statesmen, are all influences that extend into the future ages. "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle"* still speaks. The Mantuan bard† still sings in every school. Shakspeare, the bard of Avon, is still translated into every tongue. The philosophy of the Stagyrite‡ is still felt in every academy. Whether these influences are beneficent or the reverse, they are influences fraught with power. How blest must be the recollection of those who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way to that rest which remaineth for the people of God!

It is only the pure fountain that brings forth pure water. The good tree only will produce the good fruit. If the centre from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will be pure and holy also. Go forth, then, into the spheres that you occupy, the employments, the trades, the professions of social life; go forth into the high places, or into the lowly places of the land; mix with the roaring cataracts of social convulsions, or mingle amid the eddies and streamlets of quiet and domestic life; whatever sphere you fill, carrying into it a holy heart, you will radiate around you life and power, and leave behind you holy and beneficent influences.

*Homer. †Virgil. ‡Aristotle.



THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

In hoc signo vinces.

HIGH above the conquering march,
Where the Roman cohorts stride;
High above triumphal arch,
Under which crowned Cæsars ride;
Lo! where once Rome's eagle flew,
Cresting standard, spear, and boss,
Bathed in heaven's own morning dew,
Floats the Banner of the Cross!

Mystic sign, but mighty spell,
Now thy blood-red gonfalon,
Fluttering, sees the infidel
Ride in blood at Ascalon.
Now it falters — now it flies —
Now 't is trailing on the sod —
Now again its glories rise
O'er the sepulchre of God!

Far it shone, for see! unfurled
O'er the western surges free,
Now it greets the new-found world —
"Waiting islands of the sea."
Chanting priests are crowding round,
Dusky forms in wonder stand,
Brothers! this is "holy ground,"
Given to the Saviour's hand.

Rent by shot, and torn by shell,
On thy billows, Trafalgar,
See its flutterings sink and swell,
O'er the lurid clouds of war.
Dark, in storm, it lowers too,
Where the gathering nations met —
Him on whom at Waterloo
Victory's sun forever set.

Saviour! in these latter days,
Let no more thy banner fly
Where the fires of battle blaze,
Where the lust of power burns high.
'Neath its folds bid passion cease,
Hush the storms of wrath and fear,
Be it now the flag of peace—
To the nations everywhere.

And, O Lord! when here below
All our pilgrim work is done,
Let it lead thy children through
To the kingdom of thy Son.
Then above that heavenly fane,
Be its glorious station given,
Where to praise "the Lamb once slain"
Is the "banner-cry" of heaven.

DIRGE FOR A SAILOR.

SLOW, slow! toll it low,
As the sea-waves break and flow;
With the same dull, slumberous motion
As his ancient mother, Ocean,
Rocked him on through storm and calm,
From the iceberg to the palm:
So his drowsy ears may deem
That the sound which breaks his dream
Is the ever-moaning tide
Washing on his vessel's side.

Slow, slow! as we go,
Swing his coffin to and fro;
As of old the lusty billow
Swayed him on his heaving pillow:
So that he may fancy still,
Climbing up the watery hill,
Plunging in the watery vale,
With her wide distended sail,

His good bark securely stands
Onward to the golden lands.

Slow, slow! heave-a-ho!
Lower him to the mould below
With the well-known sailors' chorus,
Lest he paler grow before us
At the thought that Ocean's child,
From his mother's arms beguiled,
Must repose for countless years,
Reft of all her briny tears,
All the rights he owned by birth,
In the dusty lap of earth.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

HOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so!
There's more blood to see than this stain on the snow!
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair!
Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-night
To search for our dead, yon would be a fair sight?

You're his wife; you love him — you think so; and I
Am only his mother: my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share!
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go! then no faintings! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps! — my heart will lead right!
Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory! — what horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could nevermore know
Grief, horror, or pity for ought here below,

Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell,
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell!
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn over toward this dim light
These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them all—
Not 'mid the stragglers—where he fought he would fall!

There's the moon through the clouds: O Christ, what a scene!
Dost thou from thy heavens o'er such visions lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine?
Hark! a groan; there, another—here in this line
Piled close on each other. Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore—Pah! they died for this rag!

Here's the voice that we seek—poor soul, do not start:
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? a message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife"—ere he reeled down 'mong the dead!

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point!—'t was the Ninth!—oh, the blood
Is choking his voice! what a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone!

He's dying—he's dead!—close his lids—let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has turned sick!
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick?
I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of War!

He's not here — and not here! — what wild hopes flash through
My thoughts as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white!
O God, my brain reels! 'T is a dream! My old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors! My son! oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to rest!
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch: was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes, you're right!
Forgive me, my daughter: I'm maddened to-night!
Don't moan so, dear child: you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes — but the old die of tears!
Yes, take him again! ah! — don't lay your face there!
See, the blood from his wound has stained your loose hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted? — her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me — speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her* heart broke first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst!
I'm afraid! I'm afraid! alone with these dead!
Those corpses are stirring! God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home!
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't move!
Keep away from my boy! he's guarded by love!
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep!

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one;
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom
And the sweet stillness down on fair young heads,
With all their clustering locks untouched by care,
And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in prayer.

Gaze on — 'tis lovely! — childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought:
Gaze — yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress,
Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun —
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness — how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you — silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds — a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship — therefore pray!

Her lot is on you — to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things — therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake — oh! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

THE DROWNED CHILD.

HOLD the light
Low down — he's making for the water. Hark!
I know that whine — the old dog's found them, Mark."
So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
Toward the old crazy foot-bridge. It was gone!
And all his dull contracted light could show
Was the black, void, and dark swollen stream below.
"Yet there's life somewhere — more than Tinker's whine —
That's sure," said Mark. "So, let the lantern shine
Down yonder. There's the dog — and hark!"
"Oh, dear!"
And a low sob came faintly on the ear,
Mock'd by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,
Into the stream leap'd Ambrose, where he caught
Fast hold of something — a dark, huddled heap —
Half in the water, where 't was scarce knee-deep
For a tall man, and half above it, propp'd
By some old ragged side-piles that had stopp'd
Endways the broken plank when it gave way
With the two little ones that luckless day!
"My babes! my lambkins!" was the father's cry.
One little voice made answer, "Here am I!"
'T was Lizzy's. There she crouch'd, with face as white,
More ghastly, by the flickering lantern-light,
Than sheeted corpse — the pale blue lips drawn tight,
Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
And eyes on some dark object underneath,
Wash'd by the turbid water, fix'd like stone —
One arm and hand stretch'd out, and rigid grown,
Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock.
There she lay drown'd. . . . .
They lifted her from out her watery bed —
Its covering gone, the lovely little head
Hung like a broken snow-drop, all aside,
And one small hand. The mother's shawl was tied,
Leaving that free about the child's small form,
As was her last injunction — "fast and warm" —

Too well obey'd — too fast! A fatal hold
Affording to the scrag, by a thick fold
That caught and pinn'd her to the river's bed:
While through the reckless water overhead
Her life-breath bubbled up.

DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

FLOY," said Paul, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there except papa!" The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said, "My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart; but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed, I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him — which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside — Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me; indeed, I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall — how many nights the dark, dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him — Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to

have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no — the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling: why?" "Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh, yes, dear." "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's, often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant — longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more — then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow." "Thank you, Floy."

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now! how bright the flowers growing on them! and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his

hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy: I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion — Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

THE muffled drum rolled on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier,
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a soldier's funeral.

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain:
But the brand and the ball had passed him by,
And he came to his native land to die!
'T was hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!
'T was hard to be numbered amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 't was something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore;

To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound,
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause — and they left the dead!
I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan;
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,
His face was bowed on the cold, damp ground:
He raised his head, his tears were done —
The father had prayed o'er his only son.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? comes the wish'd-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

"The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimm'd its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see on the horizon's verge
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

"And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,

All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark — young prophet of the noon —
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

"What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? *Is* his chant sublime
Fill'd with the glories of the future time?"

"He prophesies; — his heart is full; — his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day —
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When error shall decay, and truth grow strong,
And right shall rule supreme and vanquish wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfetter'd as its God design'd."

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower.
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it; — tell us, yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain."

"It breaks — it comes — the misty shadows fly:
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah! the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

FARM-YARD SONG.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes:
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in giant hand;
In the poplar-tree above the spring
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling:
Into the stone-heap darts the mink,
The swallows skim the river's brink,
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dews are falling:
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes:
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed:
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling:
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The soft and exquisite beauty of the following lines will be appreciated by most readers. They belong to that rare class of poems which, once read, haunt the imagination with a perpetual charm. A more natural expression of true, solemn feeling than that contained in the closing stanza is seldom found.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, that sheltered yŏu and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
But the "Master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, some twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
Its music 's just the same, dear Tom, 't was twenty years ago—

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you 've played the same with me,
On that same spot; 't was played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'t was then so high that we could scarcely reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has pealed the bark, 't was dying sure but slow,
Just as she died, whose name you cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me:
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played—just twenty years ago.

FIELD LILIES.

LILY BELLS! lily bells! swinging and ringing,
Sweet golden bells on the still summer air,
Are ye calling the birds to their matins of singing,
Summoning Nature to worship and prayer?

Lily bells! lily bells! daintily swaying,
Poising your petals like butterflies' wings,
As the breeze murmurs round you, pray, what is he saying?
Is he whispering love-words, and soft, pretty things?

Lily bells! lily bells! 'mid the long grasses
Gleaming like sunbeams in still, shady bower,
Have you stolen your gold from the sun as he passes?
Are ye guarding your treasure in bud and in flower?

Lily bells! lily bells! bowing and bending,
Are ye nodding a welcome to me as I go?
Do you know that my heart bears a love never-ending
For bright golden lily bells all in a row?

Lily bells! lily bells! down in the meadows,
As I see your fair forms 'mid the mosses and brake:
My heart wanders back to the past, with its shadows,
To Christ, and the wise, loving words that he spake:

"Consider the lilies,"—yes, this was his teaching,
"The modest field lilies that toil not nor spin,
Yet even to them is my loving care reaching,
My heart takes the feeblest and lowliest in."

Lily bells! lily bells! waving and swinging,
If Jesus, my Master, can watch over you,
I'll go to him daily, with gladness and singing,
Believing he'll love *me* and care for *me* too.

Lily bells! lily bells! bending and swaying,
Ring out your sweet peals on the still summer air!
I would ye might lure *all* to trusting and praying,
And teach them sweet lessons of God's loving care.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

QUICK! man the life-boat! See yon bark
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock ahead, the night is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power in such an hour
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! Hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal-flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forkèd flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her;
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock,
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! See — the crew
Gaze on their watery grave
Already, some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him;

For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
And, as they pull the oar,
From shore and ship a cheer arose,
That rang from ship to shore.
Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold
Thou'lt save, if thou canst win her.
On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
Though darkly the reef may frown;
The rock is there — the ship is gone
Full twenty fathoms down.
But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
With the billows single-handed:
They are all in the boat! — hurrah! they're afloat!
And now they are safely landed
By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!

THE SNOW OF AGE.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts.

THE figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scriptures represent age by the almond-tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond-tree shall flourish" — the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was turning gray, that it looked as if Time had lightly splashed his snows upon it in passing.

"It never melts" — no, never. Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward — they know no retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again" — but

he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy scenes of early years; but, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

"It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessings upon the valley and the mountain, but soon the sweet spring comes and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed — and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness — for there is no age in heaven.

Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old. If any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is the emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and a better.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

THE Light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall,
And from the lattice far its gleams
To love, and rest, and comfort call!
When tired with the toils of day,
The strife for glory, gold, or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name,
Around the Light at Home.

When through the dark and stormy night,
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light at home: he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And softly through his bosom steals
That joy and love which banish care,
Around the Light at Home.

The Light at Home—whene'er, at last,
It greets the seaman through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled,
Since Mary gave the parting kiss,
But the sad tears which then she shed,
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss,
Around the Light at Home.

The Light at Home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet,
When the rough toils of day are o'er.
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart,
Around the Light at Home.

"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

OH! wild is the tempest, and dark is the night,
But soon will the daylight be dawning;
Then the friendships of yore
Shall blossom once more,
"And we'll all meet again in the morning."

Art thou doomed in a far-distant region to roam,
To meet the cold gaze of the stranger;
Dost thou yearn for the smiles of the loved ones at home,
While thou pray'st God to shield them from danger?
Ah! the height of the waters may shadow thy form,
Yet soon will the daybreak be dawning;
And thou'lt mingle once more
With the loved ones on shore—
"For we'll all meet again in the morning."

Dost thou miss the sweet voice of a fond, loving wife,
Whose music brought balm to thy sorrow;
Didst thou see her decline in the sunset of life,
Nor felt one bright hope for the morrow?
Oh, cheer up, dear brother! the night may be dark,
Yet soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Of all ties bereft,
One hope is still left—
"We'll all meet again in the morning."

Art thou wearied, O pilgrim, on life's desert waste;
Dost thou sigh for the shade of the wild-wood;
Have the world's choicest fruits proved bitter to taste,
And mocked all the dreams of thy childhood?
Oh, cheer up, poor pilgrim, faint not on thy way,
For soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then the dreams which have fled
Shall arise from the dead—
"And all will be bright in the morning."

O servant of Christ! too heavy the cross,
Has thy trust in thy Master been shaken?
In doubt and in darkness thy faith has been lost,
And thou criest, "My God, I'm forsaken!"
But cheer up, dear brother! the night cannot last,
And soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then the trials of earth
We have borne from our birth
"Will all be made right in the morning!"

ESTO PERPETUA.

ESTO PERPETUA! ever enduring,
Still may the national glory increase;
Union and harmony ever securing,
Prosperity, freedom, religion, and peace.

Great God of the nations, thy goodness hath crowned us,
A land and a people peculiar to thee;
Let thy wisdom and power, still mantled around us,
Preserve what that goodness hath taught to be free!

Esto perpetua! oh, be it written
On every bright link of the sisterhood's chain!
And be the red arm of the fratricide smitten,
Who would sully the compact or rend it in twain.

Let it shine on the folds of our banner outflowing,
Let it speak on the walls of each parliament hall,
Till the North and the South, with its sanctity glowing,
Shout, "Esto perpetua! — union for all."

Esto perpetua! who would erase it
From the mount where so long like a beacon it stood,
Where the sages of freedom delighted to place it,
And martyrs have shaded each letter with blood?

From Marshfield, the warning in thunder is breaking,
From Ashland, like music, it floats on the air;
From the grave of the Hermitage solemnly waking,
Esto perpetua, guard it with care!

Dissever our Union? Oh! how would the measure
Of each in the great computation be cast,
Her heroes and sages, her blood and her treasure,
Her hopes of the future, her deeds of the past —

Her battle-fields fertile with valorous daring —
The bones of her martyrs that under them rest —

Her monument tributes their memory sharing
With the North and the South, the East and the West!

The fame of her Jefferson proudly defying,
Like his own Declaration, the mildew of time;
The names of her signers, revered and undying,
While Truth holds a temple, or Freedom a shrine;

The fame of her Franklin, whose genius ascended
The storm-demon's throne when his thunders were loud,
And, seizing the sceptre of lightning, appended
His name to the scroll of each menacing cloud;

The fame of her Henry, whose eloquence breaking
The spell which had fettered the nations so long
Was heard in the palace, its tyranny shaking,
And ringing the knell of oppression and wrong;

The fame of her Washington, broad as creation,
The Christian, philosopher, hero, and sage;
Uniting the models of every nation,
The pride and perfection of every age—

These national jewels, oh! cherish their lustre,
All beauty excelling, all value above;
Nor sever one gem from the family cluster,
Nor shatter the casket of union and love!

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

OH! a wonderful stream is the River of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between;

And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the River of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair:

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessèd Isle,
All the day of our life till night!
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'TWAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;

But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history too,
Taking the little ones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses he smiled and said,
"'T is a glorious world down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright;

While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently he bowed his head. . . . .
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

JUSTICE TO THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

I THINK, sir, the country calls upon us loudly and imperatively to settle this question. I think that the whole world is looking to see whether this great popular government can get through such a crisis. We are the observed of all observers. It is not to be disputed or doubted that the eyes of all Christendom are upon us. We have stood through many trials. Can we stand through this, which takes so much the character of a sectional controversy? Can we stand that? There is no inquiring man in all Europe who does not ask himself that question every day, when he reads the intelligence of the morning. Can this country, with one set of interests at the South, and another set of interests at the North — these interests supposed, but falsely supposed, to be at variance — can this people see, what is so evident to the whole world beside, that this Union is their main hope and greatest benefit, and that their interests are entirely compatible? Can they see, and will they feel, that their prosperity, their respectability among the nations of the earth, and their happiness at home, depend upon the maintenance of their Union and their Constitution? That is the question. I agree that local divisions are apt to overturn the understandings of men, and to excite a belligerent feeling between section and section. It is natural, in times of irritation, for one part of the country to say, If you do that, I will do this, and so get up a feeling of hostility and defiance. Then comes belligerent legislation, and then an appeal to arms. The question is, whether we have the true patriotism, the Americanism, necessary to carry us through such a trial. The whole world is looking toward us, with extreme anxiety.

For myself, I propose, sir, to abide by the principles and the purposes which I have avowed. I shall stand by the Union, and

by all who stand by it. I shall do justice to the whole country, according to the best of my ability, in all I say — and act for the good of the whole country in all I do. I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this, with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in defence of the liberties and Constitution of his country!

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

OH, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,
Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And, lo! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod —
A vagabond, smote by the vengeance of God!

All nature, to him, has been blasted and banned,
And the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand;
And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom — the faithful and fair —
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
For her tender caress and her innocent breath
But stir in his soul the hot embers of death.

And his offering may blaze unregarded by Heaven,
And his spirit may pray, yet remain unforgiven;
And his grave may be closed, yet no rest to him bring:—
Oh, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

IT must be so. — Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us,
'T is Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me!
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a Power above us —
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works — He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I 'm weary of conjectures — this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This* in a moment brings me to my end;
But this† informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles

* The dagger. † Plato's Treatise.

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

In order to render the commencement less abrupt, six lines of introduction have been added to this extract from the fine ballad by Macaulay.

WHY is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
"Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is dragged here from her home.
On fair Virginia, Claudius has cast his eye of blight;
The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right.
Oh, shame on Roman manhood! Was ever plot more clear?
But look! the maiden's father comes! Behold Virginius here!"

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide.
Hard by, a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down—
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice, he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls—
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls—
Now for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And, for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

"The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
He little deems that, in this hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not—which thou shalt never know.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss.
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!"
With that, he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall;
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high:
"O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child! then, where the body lay,
Pausing, he cast one haggard glance, and turned and went his way.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
He looked upon his clients — but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors — but they trembled and stood still.
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

THE CHARGE AT VALLEY MALOY.

UNDER the hickories' fluttering arch —
"Halt!" and we formed on the hill's green marge.
Clearly the order rang: "Forward, march.
Quick-trot, gallop — charge!"
Down the decline, with a thundering rush,
Clattering sabre and fluttering rein.
Up with a dash through the belt of brush;
Out, and across the plain.

Kept we no order of rank or file:
  Never a rowel spared flank that day;
Charging the enemy's work a mile —
  A mile and a half away.

Terribly regular musketry rang;
  Cannon-shot bounded and ploughed along;
Shell and rifle-ball whistled and sang
  Their horrible death-song.
Half of the last half-mile behind,
  All of the squadron but one I led;
Harry's gray thoroughbred ran like wind,
  Clattering just ahead.
Oh, the wild rush of that mad career —
  Thunder of hoofs like the surf on the shore!
Knightly as ever charged old cavalier,
  Harry tramped on before.

Turned in his saddle, so proud and fair,
  Smiled when he saw that we two led;
Lifted his sabre-arm high in air,
  Waved, and pointed ahead.
Not a breath after I saw him bound,
  Heard his lips utter a quick, low cry.
God in His pity drive sight and sound
  Out of my ears and eye!
Forward I spurred to a desperate pace,
  Caught at him falling, with sickening dread;
Looked only once in the white, set face,
  Knew that my comrade was dead!

Straight in my stirrups, I cursed them then,
  Raved at them all for a dastard crew;
Dared and defied them to meet with men —
  Cowards, and that they knew!
Breathing the batteries' horrible breath,
  Grapeshot and canister sweeping the plain.
Caring no more for that storm of death
  Than for an April rain!

Grief's burning passion my tongue discharged,
Hatred that broke in a blasphemous yell.
At that mad moment I could have charged
Into the gates of hell.

Under a tree in a low, green space,
Peacefully babbling, a brook flowed by;
Softly I laid him, his pale, dead face
Turned to the summer sky.
Down at his side, in the grass, I flung,
Pressed the dear dead face up close to my own;
One maddened moment my heart was wrung -
Then it was turned to stone.
Back I rode into the fight once more,
Fought with the strength and the rage of ten.
So may God never, till battles are o'er,
Suffer that men fight men!

ST. PIERRE TO FERRARDO.

St. Pierre, having possessed himself of Ferrardo's dagger, compels him to sign a confession of his villany.

KNOW you me, duke? Know you the peasant boy,
Whom, fifteen years ago, in evil hour,
You chanced to cross upon his native hills —
In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit,
Which suited you, and tempted it? He took
Your hint, and followed you to Mantua
Without his father's knowledge — his old father,
Who, thinking that he had a prop in him
Man could not rob him of, and Heaven would spare,
Blessed him one night, ere he lay down to sleep,
And, waking in the morning, found him gone!

[Ferrardo tries to rise.

Move not, or I shall move! You know me.
Oh, yes! you trained me like a cavalier —
You did, indeed! You gave me masters, duke,
And their instructions quickly I took up,

As they did lay them down! I got the start
Of my contemporaries! — not a youth
Of whom could read, write, speak, command a weapon,
Or rule a horse, with me! You gave me all—
All the equipments of a man of honor—
But you did find a use for me, and made
A slave, a profligate, a pander, of me!

[Ferrardo rising.

I charge you keep your seat!
Ten thousand ducats?
What, duke! Is such your offer? Give me, duke,
The eyes that looked upon my father's face,
The hands that helped my father to his wish,
The feet that flew to do my father's will,
The heart that bounded at my father's voice—
And say that Mantua were built of ducats,
And I could be its duke at cost of these,
I would not give them for it! Mark me, duke!
I saw a new-made grave in Mantua,
And on the head-stone read my father's name!
To seek me, doubtless, hither he had come—
To seek the child that had deserted him—
And died here, ere he found me.
Heaven can tell how far he wandered else!
Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,
And, rising thence, I fled from Mantua; nor had returned,
But tyrant hunger drove me back again
To thee — to thee! — my body to relieve,
At cost of my dear soul! I have done thy work—
Do mine! and sign me that confession straight.
I 'm in thy power, and I 'll have thee in mine!
There is the dial, and the sun shines on it—
The shadow on the very point of twelve—
My case is desperate! Your signature
Of vital moment is unto my peace!
My eye is on the dial! Pass the shadow
The point of noon, the breadth of but a hair,
As can my eye discern — and, that unsigned,
The steel is in thy heart! I speak no more!

PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY; OR, THE PRESIDENT'S OLD ARM-CHAIR.

A Mathematical Story.

FACTS respecting an old arm-chair
At Cambridge. Is kept in the College there.
Seems but little the worse for wear.
That's remarkable when I say
It was old in President Holyoke's day.
(One of his boys, perhaps you know,
Died, *at one hundred*, years ago.)
He took lodgings for rain or shine
Under green bedclothes in '69.

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do!
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too.
(Born in a house with a gambrel roof—
Standing still, if you must have proof.
"Gambrel?—Gambrel?" Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg—
First great angle above the hoof—
That's the gambrel: hence, gambrel roof.)
Nicest place that ever was seen—
Colleges red and common green,
Sidewalks brownish, with trees between.
Sweetest spot beneath the skies
When the canker-worms don't rise—
When the dust, that sometimes flies
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,
In a quiet slumber lies,
Not in the shape of unbaked pies
Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbor it seems to be,
Facing the flow of a boundless sea.
Rows of gray old Tutors stand
Ranged like rocks above the sand;
Rolling beneath them, soft and green,
Breaks the tide of bright sixteen—

One wave, two waves, three waves, four—
Sliding up the sparkling floor:
Then it ebbs to flow no more,
Wandering off from shore to shore
With its freight of golden ore!
Pleasant place for boys to play;
Better keep your girls away;
Hearts get rolled as pebbles do
Which countless fingering waves pursue,
And every classic beach is strown
With heart-shaped pebbles of blood-red stone.

But this is neither here nor there:
I'm talking about an old aim-chair.
You've heard, no doubt, of Parson Turell?
Over at Medford he used to dwell;
Married one of the Mathers' folk;
Got with his wife a chair of oak,
Funny old chair with seat like wedge,
Sharp behind and broad front edge,
One of the oddest of human things,
Turned all over with knobs and rings—
But heavy, and wide, and deep, and grand—
Fit for the worthies of the land.
Parson Turell bequeathed the same
To a certain student—Smith by name;
These were the terms, as we are told:
"Saide Smith saide chaire to have and holde;
When he doth graduate, then to passe
To ye oldest youth in ye Senior Classe.
On payment of"—(naming a certain sum)—
"By him to whom ye chaire shall come;
He to ye oldest senior next,
And so forever"—(thus runs the text)—
"But one crown lesse than he gave to claime,
That being his debte for use of same."

Smith transferred it to one of the Browns,
And took his money—five silver crowns.

Brown delivered it up to Moore,
Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.
Moore made over the chair to Lee,
Who gave him crowns of silver three.
Lee conveyed it unto Drew,
And now the payment, of course, was two.
Drew gave up the chair to Dunn —
All he got, as you see, was one.
Dunn released the chair to Hall,
And got by the bargain no crown at all.

And now it passed to a second Brown,
Who took it, and likewise claimed a crown.
When Brown conveyed it unto Ware,
Having had one crown, to make it fair,
He paid him two crowns to take the chair;
And Ware, being honest, (as all Wares be,)
He paid one Potter, who took it, three.
Four got Robinson; five got Dix;
Johnson *primus* demanded six;
And so the sum kept gathering still
Till after the battle of Bunker Hill.

When paper money became so cheap,
Folks would n't count it, but said "a heap,"
A certain Richards — the books declare —
(A. M. in '90? I've looked with care
Through the Triennial — name not there) —
This person, Richards, was offered then
Eight score pounds, but would have ten;
Nine, I think, was the sum he took —
Not quite certain — but see the book.

By-and-by the wars were still,
But nothing had altered the Parson's will.
The old arm-chair was solid yet,
But saddled with such a monstrous debt!
Things grew quite too bad to bear,
Paying such sums to get rid of the chair!
But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,
And there was the will in black and white,

Plain enough for a child to spell.
What should be done no man could tell,
For the chair was a kind of nightmare curse,
And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort, to clear the doubt,
They got old Governor Hancock out.
The Governor came with his Light-horse Troop
And his mounted truckmen, all cock-a-hoop;
Halberds glittered and colors flew,
French horns whinnied and trumpets blew,
The yellow fifes whistled beneath their teeth,
And the bumble-bee bass-drums boomed beneath:
So he rode with all his band,
Till the President met him, cap in hand.
The Governor "hefted" the crowns, and said,
"A will is a will, and the Parson's dead."
The Governor hefted the crowns. Said he,
"There is your p'int. And here's my fee.
These are the terms you must fulfil —
On such conditions I break the will!"
The Governor mentioned what these should be.
(Just wait a minute, and then you'll see.)
The President prayed. Then all was still,
And the Governor rose and broke the will!

"About those conditions?" Well, now you go
And do as I tell you, and then you'll know.
Once a year, on Commencement day,
If you'll only take the pains to stay,
You'll see the President in the chair,
Likewise the Governor sitting there.
The President rises; both old and young
May hear his speech in a foreign tongue,
The meaning whereof, as lawyers swear,
Is this: Can I keep this old arm-chair?
And then his Excellency bows,
As much as to say that he allows.
The Vice-Gub. next is called by name;
He bows like t'other, which means the same.

And all the officers round 'em bow,
As much as to say that they allow.
And a lot of parchments about the chair
Are handed to witnesses then and there,
And then the lawyers hold it clear
That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, gentlemen! Learn to give
Money to colleges while you live.
Don't be silly and think you'll try
To bother the colleges, when you die,
With codicil this, and codicil that,
That Knowledge may starve while Law grows fat;
For there never was pitcher that would n't spill,
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will!

MR. CAUDLE HAVING LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

YOU ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who 'd lend you five pounds! But so it is: a wife may work and may slave. Oh, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the streets! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go — not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife — and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those that belong to you. I wish people knew you as I do — that's all. You like to be called liberal — and your poor family pays for it.

All the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em — but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them.

Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked the shuttlecock through his bed-room window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but, after you lent that five pounds, I was sure we could n't afford it. Oh, no: the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He 's got a cold already on his lungs, and I should n't at all wonder if that broken window settled him: if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head: for I 'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might, though, and do a good many more things, if people did n't throw away their five pounds.

Next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it 's to be paid. Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it — and now insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night; but what 's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds — as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. After we 've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There 's poor Caroline, I 'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature, she must stop at home; she 'll go into a consumption, there 's no doubt of that; yes, sweet little angel. I 've made up my mind to lose her now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away five pounds too.

I wonder where little Cherub is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog and come home and bite the children. It would n't at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia and give it to all the family. However, what 's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

Do you hear that shutter, how it 's banging to and fro? Yes, I know what it wants as well as you: it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it 's out of the question: now it must bang of nights, since you have thrown away five pounds.

Well, things have come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper of roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles when folks are always lending five pounds?

Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. Set a trap for 'em? But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?

Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It would n't surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds.

Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth pulled out. Now it can't be done. Three teeth, that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been the wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.

And now, Mr. Caudle, see what a misery you've brought on your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown — the girls can't have new bonnets — the water-rate must stand over — Jack must get his death through a broken window — our fire insurance can't be paid, so we shall all be victims to the devouring element — we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave — the dog will come home and bite us all mad — that shutter will go banging forever — the soot will always fall — the mice never let us have a wink of sleep — the thieves be always breaking in the house — and our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid — and all, all, Mr. Caudle, because *you will go on lending five pounds!*

CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.

NOW, Mr. Caudle — Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about

the matter; but, at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage-state, I think — an end of all confidence between man and wife — if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul: tell me, what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still — not that I care much about it — still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say — you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion — not that I care about the secret itself: no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason — when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart — a secret place in his mind — that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage!

Was there ever such a man! A man, indeed! A brute! — yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is: it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me — you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't? You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

MRS. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTON LECTURE.

THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you need n't begin to whistle: people don't come here to whistle. But it 's just like you: I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living! now, if I only speak, you get quite huffish. Do let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It 's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I 'm put upon all day long: it 's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it is n't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You did n't swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you 're in a passion. You were not in a passion, were n't you? Well, then I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought to by this time. I 've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It 's a pity you have n't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you 'd some wives, you would, I know. I 'm sure I 'm never without a needle and thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I 'm made a perfect slave of. And what 's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button 's off your shirt — what do you say "ah" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I 'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I 'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that 's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That 's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in edgewise. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she 's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! they 'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I 'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I 'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button was n't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button on your back.

MRS. CAUDLE URGING THE NEED OF SPRING CLOTHING.

IF there's anything in the world I hate — and you know it — it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do — the more shame for you to let me.

What do I want now? As if you did n't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing — never! It's painful to me, gracious knows!

What do you say? If it's painful, why so often do it? I suppose you call that a joke — one of your club jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it is n't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day — like nobody else's children?

What was the matter with them? Oh! Caudle, how can you ask? Were n't they all in their thick merinos and beaver bonnets?

What do you say? What of it? What? You'll tell me that

you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!"

You didn't see it? The more shame for you! I'm sure, those Briggs girls — the little minxes! — put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew!

What do you say? I ought to be ashamed to own it? Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they have n't things for the summer. Now mind — they shan't; and there's an end of it!

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that 's it — the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It 's only natural that a father should.

How much money do I want? Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and —

What do you say? I need n't count 'em! You know how many there are! That's just the way you take me up!

Well, how much money will it take? Let me see — I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching — and you know, Caudle, there 's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can — I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

What did you say? Twenty fiddlesticks?

What! You won't give half the money? Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you 'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

What do you say? Ten pounds enough? Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.

They only want frocks and bonnets? How do you know what

they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you — no, sir!

No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths — and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle — when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I will have, if I've any; or not a farthing!

No, sir; no — I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

What do you say? You'll give me fifteen pounds? No, Caudle, no; not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do!

CHILLS AND FEVER.

CHILLS and fever are entirely unselfish. If a man gets the quinsy, sore throat, or a boil on his back, he is apt to monopolize the entire entertainment; but in the case of chills and fever, all the family may join you. If the one shakes, they may all shake. If the one looks blue around the finger-nails, they may all look blue around the finger-nails.

You begin, without any apparent reason, to feel very tired, awfully tired. You become seriously aware that you have a great many bones, and are convinced that your limbs have a great superfluity of ossification. You begin to yawn, till any chicken with the gapes would think you were caricaturing the diseases of the barn-yard. You stretch, without any seeming idea as to what you are putting out your hands for. You button up one button of your coat. You walk round the house, and then fasten two buttons. You walk up stairs, and fasten all the buttons. You lie down on the clean white spread, boots and all. Your wife, after criticizing your taste in going to bed with boots on, puts on

you all the blankets she can find; and you shout, "More cover!" She hunts up all the shawls, and piles them up in a woollen pyramid. She gets out two or three old dresses, and puts them on; and you cry, "Give us more cover!" Considerably frightened, she lays her best dresses on the top of the pile. She puts on the top of this the children's clothes, and then gives solidity to the mass by adding two pillows; and through your chattering teeth you exclaim, "More cover!" You feel that you are making the Arctic expedition in search of John Franklin, and that the friendly Esquimaux are rubbing you down with a couple of small icebergs. Your tongue is hailstone, and your nose an icicle. You save a thousand dollars by getting sea-sick, without the experiences and perils of an ocean expedition. You feel as if you must have swallowed something that was going toward Tarshish, when it ought to have been going toward Nineveh. You wonder what has got into you; and make up your mind that it must be more Esquimaux riding up and down, behind ten dogs fastened to sledges.

Suddenly, the climate changes from Arctic to Torrid. Your wife lifts the two pillows; but still you are too hot, and your wife takes off the layer of children's clothes. But by this time you are like a buried Titan, and away fly off from your struggling limbs the tertiary, cretaceous, carboniferous, and calciferous strata of old dresses and new dresses, shawls and blankets. You wonder why a big blanket is called "a comfortable." You want air. You want fans. You have an oven in your head, three cooking-stoves under your diaphragm; and if one earns bread by the sweat of his brow, you have shed enough perspiration to buy out several bakeries. You chew ice, and squeeze lemons, and dramatize the ague; and then lie four hours in silence, meditating on the pleasures of life in the country, with fine river prospect.

It may be a recommendation for this physical luxury, to those who like permanency and fixedness, that this is not, like many of the acquisitions of earth, transitory and evanescent. Once get it, and you need have no fear of losing it. It is like the widow's cruse of oil—it never fails. We knew a Western pastor who had it for fifteen years, and we saw him sitting in ecclesiastical council one day taking a chill as naturally as the Heidelberg catechism. He looked as if he were gnashing his teeth at heterodoxy; but he was only chattering because he was chilly.

One of the grand moral arguments in favor of the ague is the fact that it clothes one with the exquisite grace of humility. Nothing like the shakes to make a man abhor himself. He would be willing to sell himself for a low price, and take his pay in parsley and onions.

Another thing in favor of this institution is, that when you have it, you are insured for the time being against any disease. We should like to see a man try to get the croup or the mumps at the time this is on him. It monopolizes a man's entire attention. He has no time for anything else. He shakes off everything irrelevant. Who will say that this concentration of a man's attention on one thing is not a valuable mental discipline? He can think of nothing else. It is equal in this respect to a regular course of mathematics. Indeed, the mere matter of counting the shakes gives him a sum in simple *addition;* and, as he finds his strength being taken away, he goes into *subtraction*, and tests the *rule of three* by calculating, if he shakes as hard as this in one attack, how much he will shake in three. By this time he gets into algebra, and finds out that a chill, plus a fever, plus quinine, plus India Cholagogue, plus Ayer's Antidote, plus boneset tea, plus the doctor's bill, is equal to ten fits. But the ague patient rises to still higher mathematics; and, during one of the attacks on the bed, describes with his body an equilateral polygon, and sits up, taking hold of his feet, till he is turned into a hypotenuse, and gets his body so thoroughly mixed up and out of place, that he proves that the rectangle obtained by the diagonals of a quadrilateral inscribed in a circle is equivalent to the sum of the rectangles of the opposite sides; and winds up his mathematical exercises by *pons asinorum*, and a fever delirium, in which he sees Euclid dancing about with an epicycloid around his neck, and a parallelopipedon on his back, and a whole class of college freshmen hanging on to his coat-tail. Now, if there be such mathematical drill in chills and fever, why not have our colleges and young ladies' seminaries removed from the inland regions, and set the buildings down where they shall have a river front?

But chills and fever would not be well vindicated did we not say that they always make business lively. Not only is the patient very active at times; but there is lively work for druggists, doctors, and, after a while, for enterprising undertakers. For months we made daily pilgrimage to the apothecary. You

want to begin with anti-bilious pills. Then you want a febrifuge. Then you want a tonic. All this failing, you want a physician; then, utterly depressed, you want a minister; and after that you don't know what you want; but before you have been long in the perplexity of not knowing what you want, you have another chill, and then the perplexity is over, for you decide that your want is — MORE COVER.

All these wants make lively markets. When you have nothing else to take your attention, you have the buzzing in your ear that comes from large doses of quinine. This noise is like an œcumenical council of bees, and has a poetic and rhythmic effect in reminding you of that delightful refrain,

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

Oh that all the world lived in the country, and that every house had a river front!

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE STATE.

Extract from an Address delivered by Wm. H. Stephens before the Alumni Society of the University of Nashville.

YOU are familiar with Sir Walter Scott's touching story of the faithful Covenanter, in Old Mortality, who so much lamented the decline of piety among his countrymen, and their sad forgetfulness of the doctrines and virtues of the martyrs who had fallen in the civil wars in defence of their religious principles. Deeply impressed with the conviction that this forgetfulness indicated a mournful defection from essential truth, he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to the rescuing of those holy men from oblivion, so that their bright examples might ever live fresh in the hearts of their descendants, and might serve to incite them to the emulation of their virtues. With this view, he traversed the country in his annual rounds, revisiting the sequestered spots, where the gravestones and rude monuments marked their lonely place of burial. He would carefully and reverently clean off the lichen and moss from the gray stones, and with his chisel and mallet would deepen and renew the fading inscriptions that de-

clared their faith and works. Wherever these memorials were to be found, whether on the bleak and barren moor, or in the churchyard green, whether in the dark, secluded glen, or on the lone mountain side, where they fell and were buried — there came annually this holy man in simple garb, with a countenance radiant with heavenly trust, and with his gray locks streaming ofttimes to the wintry winds, to repair and renew these decaying emblems, with the patriotic and pious hope that they might recall to a degenerate age the virtues of those who slept beneath, and "might trim the beacon-light which should serve to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood."

With all the fervor and zeal of this faithful Cameronian, would I hold up to my countrymen the deeds and virtues of a purer age. I would grave deeper and deeper upon their minds the maxims of wisdom, the principles of justice, the loftiness of purpose, and the intense love of country, which marked the career of those who laid, in the wilderness, the deep foundations of this powerful State. No sculptured marble or polished shaft rears its proud form to their memory:

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice!

Behold their monuments in their great works; in the vast fabric of a mighty State builded by their hands; in the establishment and enforcement of wise and just laws; and in the rearing of a race of men whose valor has shone conspicuous on a thousand stricken fields, and whose civic virtues have stood the test in every time of trial. All around us are the enduring monuments of their forecast and wisdom. Not the least of these is the venerable University which avouches us as her children, and challenges our allegiance. Let us, with the chisel and mallet of truth, cause the features of this grand monument to stand out in living letters, complete in buttress and wall, and dome and vestibule, a beacon-light to those who in the long hereafter shall be called to explore the fields of science. The cause of the University is the cause of the State. The prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the other. The same clouds which have overshadowed the one, have eclipsed the brightness of the other. The *University* has already emerged from her dim twilight, and with her four hundred pupils, and her unrivalled corps of professors, is standing forth before the world in the pride of conscious strength and undisputed superiority. And in regard to the *State*,

it is permitted to us, in the exercise of a reasonable hope, to anticipate the speedy coming of that bright day, whose pitying beams already

"Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East."

I speak for that heroic State who was baptized in her infancy with the sprinkling of revolutionary blood on King's Mountain; who five years afterwards struck again for independence under the banner of the daring young State of Franklin; who grappled single-handed and alone, for fifty years, with the dusky warriors of the forest, in all their battles from the Kentucky line to the Southern Gulf; who beat back the British legions at New Orleans; who smote the false Spaniard at Pensacola; who rushed with Taylor into the breach at Monterey, and shared in the triumphal march from Vera Cruz to Mexico!

She treads once more the high path of her career as a free State, charged with the peace, the happiness, the prosperity and the liberties of a great people. She calls the roll of her children, and bids them gather beneath the folds of her peaceful banner, and to join in the onward march, as she sweeps grandly to her high destiny. May no son of hers refuse the call. Scattered though they may be across the continent, from ocean to ocean; whether in the remotest West, where the weary sun sinks nightly to his dewy bed, or in the golden East, where the gates of the morning unbar their shining folds to let in the day-god's flashing beams — everywhere, let their grateful hearts respond to their mother's appeal with such mighty voice as when

"——Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AGE.

The following is an extract from an address by Judge Story, delivered, August 31, 1826, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University.

LET me not be misunderstood. I advert to these considerations, not to disparage our country, or its institutions, or its means of extensive — I had almost said — of universal education. But we should not deceive ourselves with the notion, that, because education is liberally provided for, the highest learning is within

the scope of that education. Our schools neither aim at, nor accomplish such objects. There is not a more dangerous error than that which would soothe us into indolence, by encouraging the belief that our literature is all it can or ought to be; that all beyond is shadowy and unsubstantial, the vain theories of the scientific, or the reveries of mere scholars. The admonition which addresses itself to my countrymen respecting their deficiencies, ought to awaken new energy to overcome them. They are accustomed to grapple with difficulties. They should hold nothing which human genius or human enterprise has yet attained, as beyond their reach. The motto on their literary banner should be "*Nec timeo nec sperno.*" I have no fears for the future. It may not be our lot to see our celebrity in letters rival that of our public polity and free institutions. But the time cannot be far distant. It is scarcely prophecy to declare, that our children must and will enjoy it. They will see, not merely the breathing marble, and the speaking picture among their arts, but science and learning everywhere paying a voluntary homage to American genius.

There is, indeed, enough in our past history to flatter our pride, and encourage our exertions. We are of the lineage of the Saxons, the countrymen of Bacon, Locke, and Newton, as well as of Washington, Franklin, and Fulton. We have read the history of our forefathers. They were men full of piety and zeal, and an unconquerable love of liberty. They also loved human learning, and deemed it second only to divine. Here, on this very spot, in the bosom of the wilderness, within ten short years after their voluntary exile, in the midst of cares, and privations, and sufferings, they found time to rear a little school, and dedicate it to God and the church. It has grown; it has flourished; it is the venerable university, to whose walls her grateful children annually come with more than filial affection. The sons of such ancestors can never dishonor their memories; the pupils of such schools can never be indifferent to the cause of letters.

There is yet more in our present circumstances to inspire us with a wholesome consciousness of our powers and our destiny. We have just passed the jubilee of our Independence, and witnessed the prayers and gratitude of millions ascending to heaven for our public and private blessings. That independence was the achievement, not of faction and ignorance, but of hearts as pure, and minds as enlightened, and judgments as sound, as ever graced the annals of mankind. Among the leaders were statesmen and

scholars, as well as heroes and patriots. We have followed many of them to the tomb, blest with the honors of their country. We have been privileged yet more; we have lived to witness an almost miraculous event, in the departure of two great authors of our independence on that memorable and blessed day of jubilee.

I may not, in this place, presume to pronounce the funeral panegyric of these extraordinary men. It has been already done by some of the master-spirits of our country, by men worthy of the task, worthy as Pericles to pronounce the honors of the Athenian dead. It was a beautiful saying of the Grecian orator, that "This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men. Nor is it the inscriptions on the columns in their native soil alone, that show their merit; but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, reposited more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb."

THE LIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

PERHAPS the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us, is told in a single word: Wait! Every man must patiently bide his time; he must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle,—there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the Present say, "Come!" But the voices of the Past say, "Wait!" With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent upstream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait,—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing

and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world, whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and the book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame,— about what the world says of us; — to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices. If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful! because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the "trick and fantasy of fame," and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished, and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do,— without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.

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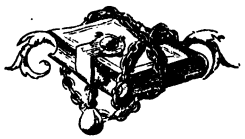

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